

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Great deeds are immortal.

Prevent rather than repent.

Thought will not be compelled.

Work seems oftimes the truest rest.

Nature's mightiest effort is—to wait.

Much boast, little roast;
They do least who talk the most.

Each position has its corresponding duties.

The end of work is the enjoyment of leisure.

I could smile at the grave
Of my friends; couldn't you,
If you knew that from Heaven
They smiled back at you?
—*Spokane Falls Review.*

Deal with every person as if you expected to see him again.

You can never be tired of life; you are only tired of yourself.

Labor rids us of three evils—tediousness, vice and poverty.

He who wisely uses his wealth need not leave it for his tombstone.

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.—*Johhson.*

You cannot do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to yourself.

He lives long who lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost.—*Fuller.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know,
Much wealth how little worldings can enjoy;
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amazed,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men in shining riches see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder, it is absent still.

It is to live twice when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life.—*Martial.*

To him nothing is possible who is always dreaming of his past possibilities.—*Carlyle.*

The ambition of youth looks forward to the triumphs of age, while sated age turns back a wistful eye along the rosy path of youth.

I take it to be the principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing.—*Terence.*

It is well the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

If I can put a touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman I shall feel that I have worked with God.—*George Macdonald.*

A wise man being asked how old he was, answered, "I am in health"; and when asked how rich he was replied, "I am not in debt."

Gentleness is the best test of gentlemanliness. A consideration for the feelings of others will prevade the true gentleman's whole conduct.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA;

The St. Paul of the New Testament, Living from 2, B. C., to 98, A. D.

Being a chapter from the unpublished work of "Christos of India, the Original Christ;" or, "The Mistakes of Christendom Corrected."

Apollonius of Tyana was born, according to the present Christian calendar, on March 16th, two years *after* the Christian era; but, according to the correct time, two years *before*, as given by spirits whose estimate we accept, making him two years older than Jesus Malatheel of Nazareth; and he died 98 years A. D., making him 100 years of age.

Apollonius was born of wealthy parents, who gave him an excellent education, and endowed him with an abundant patrimony; but this last he refused to accept, as when he became of age, he conferred it upon his poorer relations, preferring a life of poverty, privation and suffering, as a teacher of morality, philosophy and humanity, to the possession of wealth and all the display of riches and grandeur.

Apollonius was instructed by the most accomplished teachers of his time, who left nothing undone to make him as perfect as themselves in all the learning of that age, in which purpose they succeeded admirably; also of his piety and zeal for all that was true, good, just and right, there can not be a shadow of doubt.

Apolonius was endowed with a fine constitutton, giving him great power, strength and endurance of both body and mind. He also possessed great beauty of person, as well as nobility of mind. The name Apollonius signifies, "the lesser Apollo," or "the son of Apollo, the God of the Sun," but was so long and difficult to pronounce, that it was generally abreviated into Paulus, Pauline, or Paul by the Romans, and Saul by the Jews, and sometimes he was called Jonius or John by the Greeks.

So that at about 25 years of age, he found himself an accomplished scholar, philosopher, reformer and philanthropist, fully equipped and ready to devote his whole future life to the uplifting of his fellow men. And as he was a spirit medium of the most pronounced type, in both the physical and mental phases, the wonderful works he wrought in Jerusalem and elsewhere, are called "miracles" to this day. He afterwards became the Saul, or Paul, and St. Paul, of the New Testament, where his letters to his converts to Christosism, are the epistles of Paul to the Gentiles and Essenian Communists, or Primitive Christians, as they are called today, while Jesus Malatheel, in combination with Christos of India, are made the heroes or models of the gospels of the New Testament.

Well, when about thirty years of age, Apollonius began with great earnestness to preach the gospel of Christos of India, as at first obtained from Pythagoras of Greece and Alexander the Great, on his return from India, in the cities of Alexandria, Antioch, Athens, Corinth, Rome and Jerusalem. Also, about this time, he founded a small Nazarite society or community at Nazara, Nazarata, or Nazareth, the paternal home of Jesus Malatheel, and from both Apollonius and Jesus having lived there for several years, they were called Nazarines.

Afterwards, Apollonius removed his primitive little community to Antioch, where he merged it into the renowned Essenian Community there, while he greatly extended its operations, and made Antioch and the community his permanent home, and from this as a centre, he afterwards conducted his great work of traveling over the surrounding countries and preaching his first version of Christosism, while he founded Essenian communities and schools everywhere he went, if possible. And in those efforts he was generally successful, though not always, as in some countries they refused to accept his Christos doctrines, his communistic teachings, or his platonic philosophy, either in whole or in part.

For after teaching in Alexandra, Antioch, Rome, Corinth and Athens, and founding communities in them all, he tried to teach Christosism and Communism in Jerusalem also, from about 33 to 37 or 38, A. D., but in this undertaking he entirely failed, owing to the stubborn and bigotted opposition of the Jewish priesthood, who reviled his Christos doctrines and rejected his Essenian Communism, while the whole story of this struggle of Apollonius with the Jewish priests, scribes, and pharisees in the temple at Jerusalem is recorded in the four New Testament gospels as the sole work of Jesus Malatheel, while, in fact, the real teacher in the temple was Apollonius himself, as well as his being the writer of the "epistles" to the gentiles or churches. But this was not original with him, as back of him, and repeated by him, were the original teachings of Christosism, consisting of the four Christos gospels and nine epistles of Christos, blended with reformed Buddhism and Brahmanism, together with some additions and comments of Apollonius himself. But all of these teachings in the temple of Jerusalem, by Apollonius, were, 300 years afterwards, at the council of Nice, attributed to Jesus, when, in reality, Jesus at the time spoken of, was bravely fighting for his country among the Judean mountains.

The Jewish people received Apollonius joyfully when he first entered Jerusalem, as the fame of his wonderful words and works had reached them from afar. And they welcomed him gladly, singing hosannahs in his praise, as one coming in the name of the Lord! But afterwards, as Apollonius performed many surprising cures of disease in the streets of Jerusalem, and often rebuked the hypocrisy of the priests and pharisees without mercy, he excited the rage and jealousy of the priests to such a degree, that they influenced the ignorant populace against him, until they clamored for his blood and sought to seize and put him to death by violence.

Then all his former friends forsook him and fled, leaving him alone to brave the fury of the enraged multitude. But in this perilous extremity he was rescued from death by queen Marianne, wife of Herod the Great, and sent out of the city by night, under the secret escort of Jesus Malatheel and his "brave band," who chanced at the time to be in Jerusalem celebrating the feast of the Passover.

But the authorities heard of Apollonius' escape, and of Jesus escorting him from the city, and they swiftly pursued and soon overtook this retreating party, when a severe conflict ensued; and in the confusion and darkness of the night, Apollonius made his escape, while Jesus, who fought bravely in defence of his friend, was captured in his stead, Apollonius making his escape to Rome in safety, while poor Jesus was dragged before Pilate, the Roman governor, under the charge of being a rebel, outlaw and robber, and was barbarously put to death by crucifixion, with Roman javelins, A. D., 37, as fully described elsewhere.

About this time Apollonius became dissatisfied with the knowledge he had obtained from Greece and Egypt, respecting the religion of Christos of India, and resolved to visit India himself in person to obtain fuller information, and, if possible, to get a full set of the books of Christos, which enterprise he carried out, starting about 37 or 38, A. D., and making two journeys to India, and in both visits obtaining four gospels and nine epistles of Christos, which gospels and epistles, deeply blended with both Buddhism and Brahmanism, Apollonius brought back to Western Asia, Africa and Europe; and when again extensively mixed with both the Greek philosophy of Pythagoras and Plato, and the Eclectic philosophy of Alexandria Egypt, he published and preached all over the Western world, thus uniting the spiritual philosophy of India with the more material philosophy of Greece and Egypt.

At the same time Apollonius founded Essenian communities, when possible, wherever he went, and succeeded to the number of some eighteen. And the epistles of Paul were written to these communities and schools, afterwards called churches in the New Testament. Apollonius also wrote the Revelations of the Testament, in a trance state, while voluntarily sojourning in the isle of Patmos, and not as an exile or a prisoner, as now supposed.

These Revelations were the efforts of spirits to foretell in mysterious symbols and cabalistic language the fearful horrors and commotions about to come upon the Roman empire in the latter days of her barbarian overthrow, and also to forshadow the fearful struggle and persecutions of old Paganism against new Christianism, under the emperors and priests of Rome; as also to foretell the implacable warfare which was to rage between modern Catholicism and Protestantism, called the Reformation, bringing the history down to our own times.

Apollonius, also, under one of his names—Jonius, or John of the Greeks—wrote another book of Revelations, now lost, called "A Key to the Symbolism of the Ancient Priesthoods," but which was only an explanation of ancient Free Masonry, derived from the Atlantians. While all these books combined together, Apollonius published in the year 56, A. D., under the title of the "Testament of Improved Christosism," which testament of Apollonius was afterwards used extensively by the Essenian brotherhood in their compilation and arrangement of the present books of the New Testament, both the Gospels, Acts of Apostles, and Epistles to the Gentiles.

It is also proper to mention here that there were two divisions of Christosism taught in those Western countries at that time, the one Trinitarian and the other Unitarian, the Trinitarian being Christosism deeply tinctured with Brahmanism, or despotism and aristocracy, and the Unitarianism being Christosism combined with Spiritualism and Buddhism, or morality and philosophy, these two giving rise to the two schools of Trinitarianism and Unitarianism, the first relying almost entirely on "faith," in the merits and atonement of another for salvation; the second depending mostly upon their own good works or fidelity to Right and avoidance of wrong doing.

These two schools of thought have been for ages contending for the mastery, and the strife still continues unto this day. And we are informed by spirits that Apollonius adopted the Trinitarian division and became its chief advocate and leader. And to the writer of this sketch this appears to be the darkest shadow resting upon his name and memory. Meanwhile, one Chrestus of Masadonia, one of Apollonius' most successful rivals, of which he had several powerful ones, espoused the Unitarian division and became its principal teacher and leader.

We will now speak a little further of Apollonius' mediumship, as he was one of the most powerful spirit mediums of ancient times, both on the physical and spiritual planes, as already stated, he having the power of healing nearly all dieases by the "laying on of hands," even to the extent of raising the so-called dead, or of awakening the spirit from deep trance, or recalling the spirit in case of suspended animation. This power he possessed in common with Jesus of Nazareth, and to quite as great an extent, the chief difference between them being that the mediumship of Jesus inclined more to the side of physical manifestations, while that of Apollonius leaned more to the spiritual, Apollonius, as the spirits inform us, often giving in private circles, especially if there were other developed mediums present, manifestations so powerful as the apparent opening of the heavens and bringing down groups of spirit forms, almost too dazzling for mortals to look upon. He had also the rare gift of enabling mortals to see the beautiful scenery of the spirit world in a manner so striking as almost to draw their spirits out of their bodies. This he did by opening their clairvoyant vision to such an extent as to overcome them and throw them into a deep trance, from which it was often difficult to awaken them and bring them back to their bodies again.

Apollonius distinctly tells us that the history of his life, as written by Damis, his faithful disciple, also by Philistratus, and afterwards by others, was correct, in regard to the main incidents of his life, but in regard to the romance and mystery of their narrations, they had no relation to him whatever, they being written and promulgated by his disciples and followers long after his death.

And in conclusion I will say, that after having lived a long and useful life to humanity, and of much labor and study to himself, Apollonius quietly passed to spirit life in 98, A. D., at the extreme old age of 100 years, but only to return again at this time with unnumbered hosts of spirits who have come to renew their former beneficent ministrations and teachings to mankind; and also to set themselves right, historically, before the world, by correcting the egregious mistakes that have been made about them, and to establish the simple truth instead of the many falsehoods now believed by Christendom concerning their lives and history, there being only a few persons upon earth at the present time who know that Jesus Malatheel of Judea, is mistaken by moderns for both Christos of India and Apollonius of Tyana; and that all Christendom is now committing the very grave mistake of worshiping the *wrong man*, both for savior and God! although the name of the ancient Christos is still retained added to that of Jesus; and the name of Apollonius, also, in his epistles to the Gentiles, is partly retained in the Testament, abbreviated into the Saul of the Jews, and Paul of the Romans.

But now the times are ripe for this "great mistake of Christendom to be corrected," and the *light* of the real *facts* in the case allowed to dawn upon the nations, that they may be rescued from the mists and shadows of the dark ages, and emancipated from the bondage of creeds and dogmas and the enslaving authority of men, and at the same time introduced into the "light and liberty of the natural laws," both spiritual and material, with their outworkings into actual *facts*, known to us as the grand Creations, with all they imply and contain.

Brooklyn, Oct. 1, 1889.

Miasmatic Theory of Acute Rheumatism.

[Lancet.]

To most practitioners acute rheumatism must appear essentially a personal or constitutional ailment occurring most readily under certain unfavorable conditions, such as fatigue, exposure, depression, with wet or cold weather. There is a disposition, however, among some physicians to regard it as dependent essentially on miasmatic conditions.

One of the latest expositions of this view is to be found in a paper read before the German Medical Society of New York by Dr. Leonard Weber, and contained in the New York *Medical Record* of August 31. Dr. Weber considers it nearly proved by the labors of Innermann, Edlefsen, Friedlander and their pupils, that what he calls inflammatory rheumatism, and what is generally termed acute rheumatism, is not produced by taking cold, *i. e.*, refrigeration of the heat surface of the body, but it belongs to the class of miasmatic infectious diseases assuming an epidemic-like character at certain times, in so far as we are apt to see a large number of cases when there is decreasing rain and moisture, while with an increase of the same the number of cases is diminished. Among other points he considers as nearly proven that rheumatism is also a house disease, the subsoil of houses in certain locations being infiltrated with the virus, which, after prolonged dryness, may be set free by the air currents carried into the apartments.

In masked forms of rheumatism there may be an absence of one or other of the main symptoms and of the polyarthritis. Neuralgia of the trigeminal, sciatic, spinal accessory, or other nerves, with slight febrile movement, may be of a rheumatic nature, and yield to alkaline and salicylate treatment after other remedies have failed. Dr. Weber says that his records show that the greater number of his cases of polyarthritis rheumatica occurred in February and March, and again in the hot and dry Summer months. We do not commit ourselves to the theory of the miasmatic or external origin of acute rheumatism.

By the way, Dr. Weber does scant justice to our own countryman, Dr. Maclagan, who must be chiefly credited with this theory, which, indeed, led him to the use of salicin. We incline strongly to the personal and constitutional theory of its origin. But it is well to keep all well-argued theories in view. It is satisfactory to note that Dr. Weber regards the salicylate of soda, which he gives generally with the bicarbonate, as standing in the foremost rank of valuable drugs with which modern chemistry has presented us.

As you must inevitably keep company with yourself as long as you live, it is of consequence to you to make of yourself a pleasant, agreeable companion.

A poor man watched a thousand years before the gates of Paradise; then, while he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut.—*From the Persian.*

Theosophy and Nationalism.

[A Paper read before the Theosophical Society of San Francisco, Sept. 23d, 1889, by Rev. W. E. Copeland.]

Theosophists are all seeking to lead the Higher Life to obtain a sight of the true self, which is the beautiful vision spoken by saints and prophets, to hear the voice of God speaking in the absolute silence of the soul. Theosophists, if they are worthy the name, are trying to live the altruistic life in which personality is disregarded, self is forgotten and one is interested only in the pursuit of truth for its own sake and in the lifting of the race on to a higher plane; when one becomes utterly careless of that which is heaven and earth to most persons; so that there is for the true Theosophist veritably a new heaven and a new earth. For though still in the body and on the same planet, yet everything has a new meaning; the external has been pierced and the heart of things is reached. This means, however, a renunciation of self, an indifference to the good things of the earth, which separates one from the rest of men; though in their midst and daily walking with them. Come good or come evil, the Theosophist under all circumstances is to preserve an even mind, neither elated at good fortune nor depressed when ill fortune overtakes him. To this end we are taught that we must crucify self, suffer it to be buried that after a time we may ascend to the right hand of God. That we must live in absolute peace with all men; not only using no physical violence in resisting injuries inflicted upon us, but not even having the desire to injure in return. Ready to die or to live as our Karma may determine. We are to practice absolute nonresistance as all the Masters have insisted. Yet we are not to follow the example of the Romanists and withdraw from the world, immersing ourselves in convents and monasteries, but to remain in the world and there live the Hgher Life for the uplifting of all whom we may meet. It were easy to enter on the Path, could we sever all connections which bind us to other men and women, could we live apart from the hurry, toil, and vexation of business, could we be freed from all care about our physical future. But this is not possible, most Theosophists have various associations from which they cannot free themselves; on their constant exertions depend the comfort and perhaps the lives of helpless women and children. Much as we would like to follow the example of our Oriental brother, sever all ties which bind us to other men and withdraw us to a cloister or a hermitage, where we could devote our whole time to contemplation and communion with the divine, it is impossible. In the world as members of Society, if at all, we must live the higher life, caring for all those dependent upon us.

Now at the very beginning of our attempt we are confronted with almost insurmountable obstacles. We must have food to eat, clothes to wear and a roof over our heads, to obtain which we must engage in a fierce battle with our fellows; we must cultivate selfishness in order to live, we must work in and for material things. If poor we must live wretchedly in a crowd, work long hours and become so weary that we can make no effort after anything higher than rest or some pleasure which will bring forgetfulness of our sorrows. If well to do, we must struggle until more weary than the poor, in order that we may retain the degree of comfort which makes life a little easier to live. If wealthy, we must, enter on the same fierce competition, in order to retain our wealth or to gain more. As society is at present constituted, we must like the animal world, engage in a struggle for existence. Society at present is under the law of the physical which provides for the survival of the fittest, that fitness however depending on the development of physical power.

Under the baleful influence of competition, all the lower part of our nature, the animal, is stimulated to unusual activity; and when we begin to think of a Higher Life, to perceive something of the value of walking in the path, we are drawn back to a selfish case for our personality. To succeed in the struggle for existence we must think of and work for self and the lower self at that. With Society as at present constituted it seems well nigh impossible to live any life higher than that of the animal world, which is ever intent on securing enough to eat.

When we need peace, harmony, and a profound stillness, the necessities incident on the social condition in which we are compelled to live make a discord and noise, the noise of eager strife for the means of supplying our bodies with their want; the discord incident on the clash of our interests with the interests of others; the war which each is compelled to wage with his fellows for the privilege of existence on the earth. We must, to develop the highest and best that is in us, live in an inner world, where we have an even mind, undisturbed by care and anxiety. In the smooth mirror of the mind we look for a reflection of the Higher Self, of the eternally good, beautiful and true, but see only distorted pictures which bewilder and mislead. To hold our own in the mad scramble after wealth, characteristic of modern society, though we seek no earthly prize, arouses the passions, strengthens the brutal and pulls us ever lower. As Paul well writes there is a law in his members striving against the law of his mind, or in other words the law of the physical striving against the law of the spiritual, the lower wrestling with the higher and having all the advantage of a false social condition.

Now that so many are aroused to the need of a Higher Life, now that so many ears are listening for the Master's Word, now that so many eyes are wide open for the beatific vision, Edward Bellamy's novel "Looking Backward," and the Nationalist movement founded upon it, should awaken the deepest interest among Theosophists, for could that condition be realized we should surmount at once the most formidable obstacle to our entering the Path. We should possess the leisure needed for the acquisition of wisdom, leisure impossible to gain when one must work until the wearied body and brain need an entire rest. We should be altogether relieved from that competition which ever stimulates to increased activity the worst part of the human nature. And while remainsng in the world and among our fellows, while severing none of the ties which unite us to our families, we should be relieved from the anxiety lest those families freeze or starve. We could with out in any way injuring those dependent on us take the needed time for study and contemplation, learning the great lesson of concentration after which all is easy.

This obstacle is especially difficult to overcome with Theosophists in the west. Our brothers in the Orient are relieved from much which troubles us. Among the people of Asia there is no such brutal competition as with us, and it is far easier to provide the means to make life comfortable. So our brothers there make much more rapid progress on the Path than seems possible for us. And many of the instructions of the masters easy to understand and practice in the Orient are to us unintelligible and impossible to observe. Did not the same masters, who have given out somewhat of the secret doctrine through one and another, give to Bellamy the idea of a social state wherein there would be time for contemplation and that peace and quiet which is needed for concentration? How is it possible under present social conditions to concentrate our thoughts upon anything beside the struggle to live? But "Looking Backward," outlines a new society; a veritable heaven upon earth, in which we shall as naturally strive for spiritual gifts and success in the higher life as we now strive for physical strength and success in the struggle for wealth. Surely it is not unreasonable to suppose that the masters, who are leading the people of the west to a new religion, a new philosophy and a new life, should have suggested the means by which the world might be given an opportunity to enjoy that religion and live that life. We have read the division of time obtaining among the Brahmins and it has seemed admirable; study until about 21, then marriage, family cares and an active life among the people until about 40 or 50; then an opportunity to devote all ones time to a development of the spiritual powers. We have thought could we live under similar circumstances we might reach the heights gained by our eastern brethren. Just such a division of time is proposed by the Nationalists. There may be other and better ways of securing the external condition, which will make a universal brotherhood possible, and will give opportunity for the cultivation of the higher self; but I have heard of none; in lack of any other plan is it not well that Theosophists in the United States should do all in their power to assist in the establishment of an Industrial Government such as is outlined in Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and more scientifically defined in Lawrence Groulund's "Co-operative Commonwealth?" Every member of the Theosophical Society does something towards such social regeneration; the larger the Society becomes the more powerful the regenerating influence, but though we increase with tenfold our present rate of advance, yet while competition is the law, we shall never see any regeneration of society; yet without such regeneration which shall shorten the hours of labor, provide decent homes for all persons and a sufficient income to supply all reasonable wants, we can never hope for any general movement forward and upward.

We declare again and again that the purpose of Theosophy is to found a Universal Brotherhood. Is such a brotherhood possible under present social conditions? But one answer can be given to the question and that is an emphatic negative. Nor will any amount of self-sacrifice, not even the crucifixion and burial of self bring about such fraternity until society is regenerated. Nor does it seem possible that such regeneration can be obtained by individual effort; there must be a united attack upon the present competitive system, and then we may hope for its overthrow.

May we not believe that Nationalism comes to the aid of Theosophy, making an external condition favorable to the growth of the higher self? When we study the teachings of the Nazarene Adept we perceive that while he gave to his disciples more or less of the wisdom which had been given him by those hierophants to whom the wisdom of the ages had been intrusted, he also proposed a social condition in which the disciples could utilize the instruction given, and this external condition was practically the same as proposed in "Looking Backward." The external kingdom of God is of greatest importance to a realization of the internal kingdom of God, into which every one who would be saved, that is cleaned or made whole, must enter; the external kingdom of God was a social condition in which competition for worldly honors was forever dead, and co-operation enthroned in its stead; in which an injury to one was the concern of all; in which, by the united effort of al- the members of the Christian commonwealth, enough was provided, with comparatively small exertion, to supply the need of all, and there was abundant leisure to develop spiritual gifts. An order of society closely allied to that proclaimed by Buddha and by Jesus, an order of society which will encourage, not discourage spiritual growth. An order of society which will lift the race out of the slough of Materialism into which it has fallen and into which, under the present system it sinks deeper every year. An order of society which would certainly seem to be worthy the approval of the Master, since it offers every possible encouragment for the growth of the spiritual nature thus securing the dominance of the higher over the lower self.

It seems to me that there is a very close relation between Theosophy and Nationalism, the same which existed between the internal and external kingdom of God proclaimed by the great master of Nazareth. And that Theosophists will be doing excellent service for the cause to which we have all pledged ourselves, when they do all in their power to further the establishment of the new order of society, which as its very corner stone proposes a universal brotherhood, which is also the corner stone of the Theosophical Society.

W. E. COPELAND.

TACOMA, W. T., Sept. 20, 1889.

Great White Throne.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of October 12th., I observe brother B. F. French offers a friendly criticism on the position of Elder Evans, in regard to "The Great White Throne, and the Book of Life."

I seek no controversy with either of the brothers, but with your permission I will quote the passage under controversy, and offer comments as I proceed. I shall write hurriedly, and quote from memory, such passages as seem to throw light upon the subject.

This scripture is found in Revelation, chap. 10, verses 11 to 15: "And I saw a great white throne." A throne presupposes a kingdom. I infer the kingdom of Christ is here referred to—the Gospel Dispensation.

That it was *white*, seems to denote truth and purity.

"And him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away."

That Christ occupied the throne, I presume there will be no question; but the disappearance of earth and heaven, if taken literally, would leave nothing behind. Moses fled to make room for the new dispensation.

I infer that it alludes to the total overthrow of the Jews, as a nation, which calamity Christ had pretold during his ministry. The prophets use similar language in pretelling the destruction of Idumea, Babylon and other great cities.

As a nation, there is "*no place found for them to this day.*" Both their *earthly* and *heavenly* privileges were wiped out.

"And I saw the dead, small and great stand before God."

We all, and at all times stand before God; but we realize the fact, in an especial manner when overtaken by misfortunes.

That these dead people were alive, is evident from the fact that they were *standing*. As a nation they were dead, not as individuals deprived of life. Christ in prophetic vision so declared them, while yet in the flesh. "Let the dead bury their dead; follow thou me."

"And the books were opened."

Evidently the books of law and the prophets. The plural form is used.

"And another book was opened which is the book of life."

No man ever accepted Christ's gospel in its fullness, truth and purity, but found it to be "THE BOOK OF LIFE."

"And the dead were judged out of the things written in the *books*."

Christ said, "Think not that I shall accuse you to my Father: there is one that judgeth you, *even Moses*, in whom ye trust." This could only be true of *his books*. Though passed over, he was their *judge*, in the code he had left for their guidance.

"And the sea gave up the dead that were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead that were in them."

Clearly a figure of speech, to show that there could be no escape. Who can escape the result of his crimes, *or of a false belief?*

"Whither I flee is hell; myself am hell."

So of the Jews. In them was embodied *death and hell*. From the books of the law, they were judged, every man according to his works. "As many as have sinned under the law shall be judged by law." They were not in the gospel kingdom. They must be judged by the code *under which they lived*.

"And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire."

As a nation they were cast out from the Holy City where they held that God was ever present. The loss, loneliness, torments of national destruction may well be likened to a *lake of fire*.

"This is the second death."

To warrant the term "*second death*," it must resemble the *first death*. And so it does. When as a nation they were overcome, and carried captive to Babylon, they reckoned themselves as dead. In "Erekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones," we see their *resurrection*, and restoration to *national life*. To die again as a nation, would of course be a "*second death*," with this difference, the first death was but seventy years, the second death still continues.

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire." No "whatsoever" about it—not needed.

No Christian could be effected by that second national destruction, or be cast into the lake of fire, and for this plain reason: *his allegiance was transferred from Moses to Christ*, his name written in the book of life. He had become the subject of *another kingdom*. Whether the Jews, as a nation, continued or not, could make no difference to him. He was transferred from an *earthly* to a *spiritual* kingdom.

I believe this kingdom of Christ is *here*, and *now*, and without regard to creeds, all who accept Christ as the perfect pattern and guide, *are in his kingdom*. They are above earthly laws. They are a law to themselves, as Christ was a law to himself. All of which is respectfully submitted, fraternally yours,

EBENEZER A. HODSDON.

RICHFIELD, MINN., Oct. 20th, 1889.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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In examining eyes clairvoyantly to adjust spectacles, and looking for the chief cause of failing eyesight, I found it to be catarrh and cold in the head. This fact revealed to me the true nature of the trouble to be removed, and led to the discovery of my catarrh remedy. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causes healthy secretions, soothes and allays all inflammation, completely heals sores in the head, restoring the senses of taste smell and hearing. Tested for twenty years with complete success.

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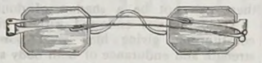
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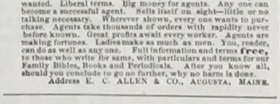


A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for $20 a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make $20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $25." W. J. Elmore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business piles up grand profits.

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—OF—

☞ SUMMERLAND! ☜

LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.

The Finest Scenery and Fairest Climate on the Globe.

Building Progressing Rapidly.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequaled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city, a spot overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best. Pure spring water is distributed over the entire tract from an unfailing source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, $30.00, $2.50 of which is donated to the Colony. By uniting four lots—price $120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., securing a front and rear entrance.

The object of this Colony is to

ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM,

And not to make money selling lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land was sold for by the acre, said lands not being as good.

The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title to property unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned where parties can not be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee) if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference: Commercial Bank, Santa Barbara.

Send for plat of the town, and for further information, to

ALBERT MORTON, Agent,

210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, or

H. L. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order of Light.] by Spirit Alzen, one of the Guardians of Higher Life.]

Dear Ones, one and all, Greeting:—From far away we have come to you with a light but few of the children of men can receive, but few with hearts attuned to the Divine inspirations that fall from the Heaven of Heavens, can see the light far beyond the conditions of unrest, that form themselves into a cloud and encircle the homes in the better land. Would humanity not know of the past that remains though as an unopen book, or a mine closed before the pilgrim of this age? Know, dear ones in the earth-valleys, that memory only sleeps. It will waken as surely as God's angels live, and are an expression of his highest thought and purpose. What, oh dear ones, can have been the purpose of the Infinite in calling into existence the worlds, both seen and unseen? Has He, the Omniscient One, but placed into the depths of space the germ of life, to become as it might, form and power, with no governing law of wisdom? Or to wait the process of fate as chance might unfold, with no end or aim, no Supreme Intelligence to oversee and rule. Back through the ages though we wander, we find no time and place when intelligence ruled not the universe. Back to the beginning when dual spirits first wedded with matter, when first they were sent forth upon their pilgrimage through matter, sent forth as children needing the care and protection of a love that is Divine, until they pass the portals of infancy, and are led into the realms where responsibility awaits them, and they may now begin to gather the knowledge that is before them—not in one world or home, but in many; back beyond the ages that have given the earth a history, lies a beginning from whence we gather to give to our own who are now in the earth valleys, and friends, we know what we gather from memory's store. It returns to us like a memory of a long ago that never can be obliterated, is a painting ineffacable, hanging upon the walls of life that yield not to the power of time and circumstance, but live coequal with the Author of all things. Dual souls find themselves wandering hand in hand, conscious only of each others presence; walking as they will in the ever blooming garden of God. All the world they see or know is that which meets the demands of their natures. Living only the existence they are cognizant of, yet surrounded with the Father's loving care: watched over and ministered to by Sacred Mother Love, still all unconscious of aught but the oneness that unites them as one life, one emanation, from the Heart of Deity. No language but that of soul needs be spoken, no home but that where the Infinite has expressed His love need shelter them. No companion except as each finds companionship in the other, is thought of, until the opening mind leads them out beyond the narrow enclosure that for the time fills every need. Then, with expanding thought the world expands; when before were boundaries to their wandering, now the fields are open and broad, and an irrestible inward feeling leads them out and beyond, to meet perchance others like themselves, other pilgrims, seeking as they are, the jewels of life which are gems of expanding thought. Sweet Mother Love is the guardian angel who never loses sight of the pure beings entrusted to her care. Her voice is the first that can reach the sense and waken to life the dormant faculties. Little drifting waifs upon the current of existence; waiting the unfoldment of the law of fate that shall send them forth to taste material waters, to gather for themselves from lessons, the wisdom that must become theirs ere they may leave the battle fields where they must earn the fadeless laurels with which only victors are crowned. Listening to hear one sweet voice, hearing the melodies of nature that tell in harmonious rythm the love that reigns in their world. They become conscious that their world has broadened; learn to gather for themselves the fadeless blooms, delight to gather up the bright pebbles and shells that lay in their pathway until the voices of nature speak to the inner beings and they find they are drifting out they know not where. Drifting yet cared for tenderly, being wrapped in the sleep of forgetfulness, yet not forgotten. All the realties they have ever known fade away and pass from sight.

The waking is an opening of new life, and not until many sleepings and wakings are passed as mill-stones by the wayside can they fully realize the depth of purpose that lays within all. Experience is all that the mind can remember, but these experiences are realities that once established can not be turned aside and overthrown. Each one who meet in the Order of Light, and remember the far away past, who look into eyes and read the long forgotten stories of the far away, is well assured that they stand upon truth's eternal rock, and no waters of materiality can reach them there. The rock is firm and strong, and the soul that finds firm footing there is able to defy the powerless waves that surround the firm foundation stone.

Upon the foundation of wisdom the Temple of Truth must be built, and upon this Rock many are building. There are those who can and do gather up memories of the past. The earth brain may not be able to reach back to the point of time from whence these experiences began, but can and does reach back into the ages, and gather up here and there threads lain down in some life so long ago. In the Order of Light you are to meet, who met as loved ones in homes of the long ago. When thus you meet, soul speaks to soul, memories are wakened, a something tells of the past in language never misunderstood. Dear ones meet again, heart speaks to heart and rests satisfied. The mind has long reached out for a tangible something, that ever haunts the brain as a something possessed long ago. The little ones who first find expression in matter, are led forth by the same Power that urges them on, and in thus leading them forth, ever throws barriers, widening the scope of the world in which they live, until they find the whole Universe is their world, and all humanity the Brotherhood Divine. All the way through matter, the boundaries fade away, the world enlarges, the Being gains and grows. Old landmarks, though left behind, leave a memory impressed upon the immortal mind and time and circumstance brings to light. It is beyond cavil that we guide our earth pilgrims where they meet those whose life lines have crossed theirs in the past. The memories of the past are equally beyond cavil and doubt; they reveal that in which you have borne a part; they bring you near again in soul to those who knew you in the long long ago. Many a pleasant pilgrimage is thus revealed; many a tie of kinship made known, as again those who have fallen asleep in the bowers of the better land meet and clasp hands in fraternal greeting in the loved Order of Light.

May Angels be near each one, helping them bravely to meet life's trials, and triumphantly enter the last valley from which all terror has fled. ALZEN.

J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light, Oswego, N. J. Oct. 6, 1889.

Mr. Colville in Seattle.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mr. Colville's success in Seattle has been an inexpressible pleasure to his most intimate friends, and has exceeded the anticipations of the most sanguine. He delivered eighteen lectures in eight days and a half, and every moment was usefully occupied. His classes on metaphysical healing were patronized by the most progressive minds in the Queen City.

His literature was freely disposed of, the stock in hand becoming exhausted immediately. By his disinterested goodness of soul, and his noble devotion to principle, he has endeared himself so much to all who heard him,—his fame has been so much noised abroad, that hall accommodation of the most spacious character must be provided for him in future. In fact, the kind hearted Spiritualists of Seattle felt the separation keenly when this gifted teacher was obliged to depart.

On Sunday morning Mr. Colville spoke on "Marriage on Earth and in Heaven," as a compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Oyston, who that day celebrated their first marriage anniversary. In the afternoon, "Looking Backward," was given by special request. The evening meeting was partly devoted to expressions of congratulation. Mr. Colville made particular reference to the marriage anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Oyston replied, after which a lecture was delivered on "Spiritual Healing." At the close the friends crowded round, and the very atmosphere seemed oppressive with sweetest sympathy.

Mr. Colville was so much appreciative of the kindly regard expressed that he warmly acknowledged the spontaneous outburst of genuine feeling in his usual happy manner. At this writing, Mr. Colville is in Olympia, but will join us here in Victoria on Thursday, when we hope by mutual co-operation to leave "foot print on the sands" of this beautiful island.

That our inspired friend may ever be surrounded by the high, the holy and the good, and his great soul be blessed in the divine work, is the earnest desire of

Yours, Fraternally,
C. G. OYSTON.

A New Worker Coming.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, of St. Paul, Minn., ministered to our spiritual needs during September. Her services were very acceptable. She spoke on subjects given by the audience, and gave psychometric readings. In the home circles she is of great assistance; and as she contemplates spending the Winter in California, we hope that Spiritualists will give her a warm welcome, and see that she finds plenty to occupy her time and talents in the spiritual work.

F. W. TOEDT.

HAMBURG, IOWA, Oct., 1889.

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The cause of Spiritualism has taken a new start in this city through the ministrations of Bishop A. Beals, inspirational speaker and singer, now occupying the rostrum of the Spiritual Alliance. Our audiences are growing in numbers and made up of the most level-headed people among us. The subjects last evening were questions from the audience, which occupied the speaker for an hour, who held the audience in wrapt attention.

Yours for Truth,
H. H. KENYON.

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

True eloquence, is in ideas, not words.

Friend, hast thou burdens? Seek the confidence and sympathy of true, loving souls.

Keep the fires of the spirit glowing, that the influence of home life may always be genial and cheerful.

Battle early, battle late. Battle earnestly, battle constantly. Battle intelligently, battle conscientiously, and win the day, the victory over *Self!*

Man does not live by bread alone; but constant struggles, crowned with victory gives him true spiritual development, which should be his chief aim and pursuit.

All happiness is more or less unsatisfactory, or deceptive, that is not the outcome of innocent unselfish motives.

How can mortals waste precious time in seeking distant fields of usefulness, when upon surrounding faces and forms are stamped the impress of sorrow and of care? Oh, scatter the seeds of kindness at every opportunity, however indifferent their reception, or unrewarded effort.

I can conceive of no greater blessing to mortals or immortals, than of reviewing their past career to detect no blemish, where others have suffered through their neglect or wish. Neither can I discover any greater incentive to an innocent life, than the peace and comfort it will surely bring.

Look not entirely to the future for thy soul's promotion and happiness, but search humbly and diligently the fertile present, and therein thou wilt find abundant means for rapid progression.

What if our lines do not always fall in pleasant places. Our spiritual philosophy, rationally applied, should guide us out of every dilemma, rescue us from every pitfall, and place our feet upon the open, blossoming planes of true unfoldment. It will never fail to do this, with wise application.

LOS ANGELES, October, 23, 1889.

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Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of liberal persons to whom he may, from time to time, mail announcements or circulars containing desirable information.

nov19-5m*

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aug31-1m*

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps. J. J. OWEN, Manager.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The dividing line between "God's patience and his wrath," as the old hymn has it, is something too fine for human reason to determine. For instance, the church teaches an eternal heaven of infinite happiness for the saints, and an eternal hell of infinite woe for sinners. There is no intermediate or graduated state of happiness or misery. The two places, or conditions, are separated by an impassable gulf as wide and deep as eternity. But we find no analogy in mortal life to warrant any such division in the life to come. Here the bad are not wholly bad, nor the good, except in phenomenal instances, wholly good. There are the very good and the good who are almost bad, the very bad and the bad who are almost good. They live side by side here, and closely impinge upon each other's lines of life. If the good in the bad is to receive no consideration, what is the use of the bad trying to be good? Why punish a soul for the bad there may be in it, and give it no credit for the good, especially when it is trying hard to overcome its evil tendencies, which may be the result of heredity, or of unfavorable environment? These are questions that only the orthodox clergy can answer most unsatisfactorily! The more they try, the more they find themselves, like the poor fly in the spider's web, inextricably involved in the meshes of illogical logic.

* * *

Compare the man-made theories of the future, supposed to be founded on the teachings of a special revelation from the Creator, with the truths as brought back to us by those who have solved the mystery of death. They tell us a simple story that confutes the religious teachings of the ages; hence, the church will have none of it. They, our risen friends, assure us that just as we leave this life we enter the next, developed or undeveloped, saint or sinner; that our status there, at first, is just what we made ourselves here; that growth, by good conduct, is possible there as here; that we suffer there for our misdeeds here—not eternally, but until we have paid the full penalty of violated law. They invariably tell us that they have found no heaven nor hell, no God nor Devil,—in short, that life there is a continuation of life here, but under better conditions for improvement, and that every soul that tries can find happiness sometime and somewhere, and that without any vicarious atonement.

* * *

Perverted mediumship may be defined as that kind of mediumship where spirit intelligences of a low order lend themselves to dishonest purposes. It may be the medium's own spirit, working independently, or, perhaps, in concert with spirits outside of the body, that produces the false message, or dishonest result. It was a frequent occurrence with a dishonest slate-writer, formerly of this city, (who was addicted, with other vices, to that of gambling, and spent large sums at the gaming table,) for messages to appear upon the slates, signed by the name of the medium's guide, or some spirit friend of the sitter, directing or entreating the latter to lend money to the medium, under plea of house rent to pay, or great distress of poverty. In this way he obtained large sums which were recklessly squandered to gratify his vitiated taste for gambling. This medium's guide, through another medium, protested to a lady of the writer's adquaintance, from whom over five hundred dollars had been extorted in this way, that it was not he that indited the begging messages, but the medium's own spirit!

* * *

These are important facts that every investigator of psychic powers should understand. They teach us that we never should surrender our own judgments in matters of spirit communications—nor should we accept as genuine, without question, all messages that purport to come from our spirit friends. The moral status of the medium should always be considered in such cases, ever remembering that the message from your friend is liable to be perverted, or distorted, by the impure channel through which it comes. While mediumship is not a question of morality, nevertheless, morality in the medium is an important factor in obtaining honest communications. Hence it is that we should demand an upright, honorable life, and a high standard of integrity on the part of our mediums, if we would avoid the unsatisfactory results of which so many complain.

* * *

But the fault of a deceiving message may not always lie with the medium. We should consider well, in approaching the sacred altar of spirit communion, whether our own hearts are clean and honest, and in a fitting frame to receive the truth. The man who spends his days in an endeavor to circumvent his neighbors and get the best of a trade—the one of impure life and dishonest tendencies,—what right has he to expect absolute honesty of communication through any medium? His spirit friends may be on the same moral plane as himself, and who would delight in leading him astray. If we would have the best from the other side of life, we should seek for the best in our own lives, ever aspiring for the truth, ever living and acting the truth, and ever drawing nearer and nearer to the Infinite Good.

* * *

Prejudice and jealousy are two of the meanest attributes of the undeveloped human mind. The former appears at its worst advantage when it condemns without just cause, and refuses to listen to that which might tend to remove an unjust conclusion from the mind. The Church has so soundly and so long condemned all other ways of going to heaven, except the narrow one through its own dooryard, and especially does it look upon Spiritualism with such disfavor, that some persons within the shadow of its influence, whose habits of independent thought are not strikingly pronounced, have come to shape their opinions therewith, without really knowing why or wherefore. With narrow minds prejudice becomes a raging demon that will not reason nor listen to reason, and so nothing can be done with it but to remove the cause, or let it tire itself out with its own cussedness. We know a grand soul and a good husband, in fact more than one, who would dearly like to enjoy his belief in our beautiful philosophy, but can not because his wife will not assent to it. And so, for the sake of peace, he is obliged to forego what might be a source of the purest and sweetest joy to them both. Isn't it pitiful?

* * *

The other of these twin monsters of the undeveloped spirit is jealousy, the instigator of more domestic ill than all other causes combined. Not even rum, the fierce demon of destruction that has dragged down to ruin and death so many of the fairest and brightest minds of the world, can compare with. Men and women, who live largely on the physical plane of life, enter into the marriage relation wholly ignorant of themselves as spiritual, immortal beings. A sense of absolute ownership in each other, utterly regardless of the needs and duties of the unselfish higher nature of the soul, dominates every thought, until neither can trust the other out of their sight, and they make themselves wretchedly miserable if either merely exercises the common amenities of friendship toward persons of the opposite sex. They continue in this error of the mortal mind until they become disgusted with themselves, and repulsive to each other, and they fly asunder, through the divorce courts, to make themselves again miserable in some new alliance. There is no jealousy in true marriage. The love that is enduring is too pure and beautiful to admit of suspicion or jealousy.

* * *

A few months ago there drifted into our quiet social life, at the Fauntleroy, a beautiful, harmonious, highly unfolded soul. In our little gatherings for spiritual and intellectual culture, she soon, in a very modest way, convinced us of her rar worth. Bright, witty, of deep and varied culture, and above all and through all the gentle ways of a large-souled, loving woman, we all came to regard her as a charming factor in the sweet delights of our home life. Anon, her husband, a grand, noble soul,—a rustler in the great struggle of life,—left for other fields of labor, and then a shadow fell across our selfish hearts that ere long she too would be called to join him. All too soon the summons comes, and she hies away on the wings of love to a distant city, happy to join him, and yet deeply grieved to leave those around whose hearts the tendrils of affection of her gentle nature have become entwined. But such are ever the vicissitudes of mortal life. She never told us so, but somehow we imagine, that somewhere in her beautiful life, she has found by the sad waters of Marah, some Gethsemane of woe—some blast of furnace fire—that melted and moulded her soul into the lovely shape in which it now appears to us; for how else could it be? We will not seek to lift the veil. We only wish, in this fragment of thought, in behalf of others as well as for the writer's self, to waft her blessings on her long journey. May they, the beautiful ones on the other shore, ever guard and guide her into ways of peace and prosperity here, and, at the river's brink, give her glad welcome to one of the most beautiful mansions of the Father, in the "land of the leal."

LAWS FOR WOMEN.

Everybody knows these are bad, especially in California, but nobody knows it better than women themselves; hence, none but a woman is perfectly qualified to point out their defects and suggest amendments.

Leila J. Robinson, member of the Suffolk Bar, has taken up the subject under the title of the "Law of Husband and Wife," and deals with the several topics in a manner that can not fail to awaken a new interest in the matter that must soon result in better marriage and property laws for women. The respective claims of each on the property of the other during the continuance of the marriage relation, and after its termination by death or divorce; the law governing contracts by married women; their ability to sue and be sued; to enter into business and trade relations; to form business partnerships with their husbands or with others; intelligence as to separation, divorce, custody of children, alimony, and not a few other points that come up for settlement in a lifetime, are of vital interest to women, to society, and the world at large. When there comes to be perfect fairness to women there will be less and less wrong and crime in the world. Wrongs against another is the main cause of the woe and depravity that is every day coming to light. When we have one code of honor and right for both sexes, we shall soon have no more criminals.

A NEW SERVANT.

Another woman has refuted the old statement that "women never invent anything." Mrs. W. A. Cockran, of Shelbyville, Ind., has conceived a domestic device that ranks second in general utility, only to the sewing machine; it is a dishwasher, that may be run by hand or steam power. It is made in different sizes for families and hotel purposes. It is capable of washing, scalding, rinsing and drying, from five to twenty dozen dishes, of all shapes and sizes, in two minutes, the number, to be sure, depending upon the size of the machine.

This invention is the result of ten years' study and experiment, and the home and substitutes for that dear place, are soon to come into the benefit of Mrs. Cockran's genius. The lady being a widow, it is pleasing to think that she has thus enriched herself. Her invention was recently disposed of to an Illinois manufacturing firm for a large sum, and she will farther receive a handsome royalty on all machines sold.

Now that dish-washing is to be done by machinery, we need not despair of seeing all other routine housework performed by steam or electricity in the course of a decade or so. Thus, will housekeeping lose its terrors for the most refined classes, but best of all, for those already in the toils and working themselves, or liable to, into untimely graves.

GREAT WITHOUT IT.

Some of our contemporaries in their comments on Giardano Bruno during the excitement occasioned by the erection and unveiling of his memorial at Rome, were so far mistaken as to call him not a great man, that he was simply a stubborn agitator, and derived all his fame from persecution only. But those few who have carefully read what a faithful past recorded of him, know that his was a master mind, that could only, in immaturity, be clouded by the superstitions of the Church. Bruno soon came to regard all religious ceremonial as superfluous, therefore sought to bring the mind into direct rapport with God without human intervention. He it was who laid the foundation of the doctrine that the predestined were saved by grace alone, that faith in God alone, not creeds nor dogmas, could save the soul; and surely, it was this idea working in the world that finally rescued the civilized race from the almost universal superstitious corruption into which it had fallen. But for this Giardano Bruno did not, and does not yet, get the credit he deserves—it is given to Calvin and Luther, and Henry the Eighth. Why? Because Bruno was a Pantheist, and they were Biblicists.

The debt of gratitude is, however, being paid; such debts are never outlawed. The world now sees, and largely worships, God in the universe. And well it may, for his works are all we shall ever see or know of Him. *These* we can not comprehend, why, then, should we desire to see their author in whose presence we would be dumb?

—W. J. Colville is now in Portland, where his address is 333 Tenth street. He will not reach San Francisco till just in time for his Sunday morning service, November 10th, therefore there will be no reception to welcome him. All friends can do this best by being present at College Hall by 10:45 A. M., on that occasion.

ARISTOCRACY OF GIFTS.

Spiritual or magnetic healing is as old as Christianity, and doubtless much older. Certain persons are known to possess the gift of healing,—and whether it is by or through their own magnetic forces, or by direct spirit influence, the principle is doubtless the same in all cases.

Our Christian Scientists ignore the universality of this healing power; that is, they imagine *their* method is something different and superior to that practiced by Spiritualistic healers generally; when, in reality, they heal by their mediumship, and in no other way. It is the old pharisaical feeling, founded in human egotism, that in some mysterious way they are better than their neighbors, whom they do not care to associate with.

The same is true, to a great extent, of Theosophy, or that kind of Theosophy that disposes of all spiritual phenomena by attributing them to elementaries, or "shells," and not to the manifestations of the spirits of human beings once inhabiting this earth. It is the same old Phariseeism that Jesus had to contend with. It simply means, "Stand off, I am holier and better than thou."

Spiritualism, pure and simple—not, of course, the kind that rests satisfied simply with a knowledge of the fact of spirit return, or that would forever be content to sit in open-eyed wonderment of the phenomena; but a Spiritualism that recognizes the unity of the movement, ever seeking for the best, and bringing its beautiful teachings home to human hearts, is the kind we believe in. We would advance *with* the phenomena, and not *out* of it.

It is human nature to want something a little better than your neighbor possesses—to be considered of a little finer pedigree and bluer blood. Hence, Christian Scientists and Theosophists may be pardoned for the manifestation of a vanity which they will outgrow when they ascend to higher spiritual planes.

"THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST."

When the negroes were liberated and enfranchised, it took no prophet to tell what class of human beings would next be declared citizens—we knew it would be the Indians, and so it will be, that the native North American tribes will be admitted to the rights of suffrage before the mothers, wives and sisters of white voters. By a recent act of Congress every Indian over twenty one years of age receives an allotment of land in severalty and becomes a voter. At the Interior department it is thought that upwards of twenty thousand Indians will be entitled to vote at the next Presidential election.

It may be barely possible that women will have to wait for idiots and lunatics to become citizens, but they may also entertain some hope that they will next receive the consideration from our lawmakers that is now being shown to the noble red men. At any rate, it is only a question of time; and when their probation is ended, they will as naturally fall into leadership of state affairs as they do into all domestic and social life, providing at once that they alone of all once proscribed classes, were worthy of recognition as law-makers and citizens.

IT appears that notwithstanding all the so-called exposures, Spiritualism, that great, overpowering delusion, goes marching on, numbering its converts by millions, not of the ignorant, but of the educated. And so it will be till the churches, instead of teaching the immortality of the soul and its continued consciousness in death, accept and teach the Bible doctrines that "the dead know not anything," and that the spirits which appear are "the spirits of devils." But this the popular churches will never do; consequently Spiritualism will grow until it gathers within its foul embrace all who receive not the truth of God in the love of it.—*Signs of the Times.*

Why "foul" embrace, neighbor? Is there anything "foul" in the glorious truth, proven beyond honest cavil, that our loved ones live beyond the grave, and that they are not "spirits of devils"? Why insult common sense with a belief founded upon the utterance of an ancient materialist, ignoring the positive evidence of the ages to the contrary, to say nothing of the claims of Modern Spiritualism? Why inflate your own wind-bags with the idea that you, a little handful of Seventh Day Adventists, are the only people on this planet worthy of, or entitled to, eternal life? Why denounce other systems of belief as "foul," when you don't know what you are talking about, and are thereby advertising yourselves to the universe as ignorant egotists.

OCCULT TELEGRAPHY.—The above named phenomenon, in the hands of Master Harry Locke, is fast becoming less occult, as is shown and proven quite often of late, and never more so than in his public receptions which he holds every Tuesday and Thursday evenings. On Thursday evening, Oct. 24, in the presence of some eighteen persons, most of whom were strangers to him, and they to the phenomenon of receiving communications from the Spirit realm by telegraph, he or his guide, succeeded in giving every one present, some message of a convincing nature, and to some, and they were strangers, matters of a past and startling nature, and then to make it more emphatic they connected a second party with the test, and that person was a well known medium of this city, who acknowledged it to be one of the best things she had ever had from the Spirit world through any source. The nature of these tests at times, go into details of conditions and surroundings, pertaining to both the spirit and mortal. Again, names of your spirit friends are given, quite freely. Then again the guides will answer questions upon most any topic pertaining to Spiritualism; and when the guides can come in close rapport with a sitter, they will answer mental questions with yes or no, and where it requires it they will speak to the point asked of or about. At his receptions, Parlor 12, 108 McAllister St., a well known medium, Mrs. D. N. Place, usually opens the evening by giving something to most every one present from the spirit side of life, in a semi-conscious and also trance state, and taking the two together, one will seldom find a more enjoyable evening. The guides of Master Harry are developing him for other phases which they soon propose showing to the public.

WASTE PLACES.

The time is not long gone when the United States was considered big enough to give every individual comer a farm; and perhaps it would so be found to-day if each was allowed no more, for in that case the greedy ones would not come, and the powers and capital of the big syndicates might be turned to the reclamation of the waste place of the earth, now left to solitude and barrenness. The earth is becoming crowded, not for lack of room, but for lack of the pioneer spirit that braves and endures through sheer determination. We hear all sorts of nonsense about this earth being ripe for destruction; our living in the last days, etc. Why, the earth is no where near perfection, for no desert has yet "blossomed as the rose," and there are many deserts which together constitute a large portion of the globe. The Sahara, with its thirty-one hundred miles, excludes all others from the minds of most persons, not because it is greatest, but that it is more wrritten about and speculated upon than other regions of its kind.

The Arabian Desert has fifty thousand square miles; the Asiatic Sahara, the Desert of Gobi, is eighteen hundred hundred miles long and five hundred miles wide. A large portion of Persia is desert. The South American Puna extends three hundred and fifty Spanish miles and has an elevation of twelve thousand feet. Another desert of Peru, partially reclaimed by man, extends twelve hundred miles along the Pacific and fifty miles inland. At home we have the Great American Desert. But the interior of Australia rivals them all with its half million square miles. If God created the planet we live on, He certainly designed these waste places for the couquest of man; if there was no design about it, then the last fifty years have demonstrated that there is nothing impossible to man in the way of bringing the earth under his control.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. Lizzie Fulton, an independent slate-writing medium, having recovered from her late illness, is again prepared to sit for spirit communion. Her parlors are at 915 1-2 Mission street.

—A subscriber at New Westminster, B. C., writing to renew his subscription, says: "So far "I have found in each number of the GOLDEN "GATE something on which I could make a "feast."

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans have returned to the city and are busy house-hunting, preparatory for mediumistic work. Mr. Evans has "picked up" eight pounds of mortality during his brief sojourn in the hills.

—John B, Wolff, author of "Startling Facts," has passed on to the other side. He was a wealthy Spiritualist who advocated the suppression of Spiritualist journals by withdrawing all support from them.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Oyston are now in Victoria, B. C. They will visit Nanaimo, Whatcom, Tacoma, Olympia and Portand, en route for San Francisco. All communications to be addressed care of Ex-Mayor Fell.

—Strictly private classes for instruction in the higher teachings of spiritual science, will be held at 1119 Sutter street, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 10 o'clock A. M. and 8 P. M., commencing November 11th. Tickets for full course of twelve lessons, $2.50; no single admissions.

—The death of Mrs. Charles Crocker, of this city removes frow earth the spirit-life of one of the grandest of women. Her vast wealth enabled her to bless the world, and she was doing it nobly and bravely. She leaves a fortune valued at six millions of dollars, which we regret that she has been obliged to leave undisposed of.

—W. J. Colville will commence his present season's work in San Francisco, at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, on Sunday, November 10th, at 10:45 A. M. Subject of discourse: "The Living Basis of the Coming Religion." 7:30 P. M.: "What is the Gospel, and How was it Written?" All seats free; voluntary collections to defray expenses. On Tuesday, November 12th, at 8 P. M., there will be a musical and literary entertainment. Admission, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; and on Thursday, November 14, W. J. Colville will deliver a popular lecture for the benefit of the College fund.

—W. J. Colville's visit to Victoria, B. C., proved a signal success. He was the guest of ex-Mayor Fell, a devoted Spiritualist and highly esteemed philanthrophist. The lectures in Harmony Hall called out large and intelligent audiences, and warm appreciation from the press. Liberal thinkers of all shades of opinion rallied around the speaker and gave him the support of their thoughtful consideration of the views advanced. The semi-political lectures on co-operation, etc., made a great "hit," and the discourses on bible themes were provocative of much thought among church people, Spiritualists and secularists alike.

—Mrs. Jennie Moore holds a public seance at her parlors, 120 Sixth street, every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, for form materialization. Mrs. Moore does not hesitate to visit private homes with her cabinet, and invariably subjects herself to a careful examination by a committee of ladies. As to the genuineness of the forms witnessed at her seances, or whether they are transfigurations or personations, can only be demonstrated satisfactorily to the skeptical mind by the most crucial tests—such, for instance, as separating the medium from the aperture in her cabinet by an impassable screen. She seems perfectly willing to submit to any reasonable test, and is altogether a very pleasant and lady-like person.

Gleanings from the Progressive Lyceum.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Sunday found many who had laid aside the labor of the week for a few hours in which to refresh the spirit, seeking such satisfaction of its desire for pleasure, in the session of the Progressive Lyceum which meets each Sunday morning at 909 1 2 Market street.

An influx of new pupils required some time for their assignment to different groups, but this was accomplished by the efforts of the conductor, Mrs. Ada L. Ballou with the assistance of those associated with her in the Lyceum work. Quotations and philosophy in brief sentences were furnished by a large number of the pupils, and Lena Miller recited "Summer Time," while Daisy Simpkin and Ida Gilford sang "The Old Oaken Bucket," with Ida playing the accompaniment. The last exercise was a piano solo by Maggie Kohn, after which the children all engaged in a grand march. At the after meeting of leaders and others interested in the Lyceum, a large circle engaged in an interesting discussion upon topics relating to the increase of its effectiveness as an educational institution.

The committee having in charge the arrangement of a programme for the next social which takes place on Saturday evening, Nov. 2d, reported their work complete and series of exercises prepared that completely would fill the hour preceding dancing. It is the desire that all shall come early, as the programme will commence promptly at 8 o'clock. Some of the children will meet on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Lyceum Hall to rehearse a march for that evening. The projected bazar has at last assumed definite shape, as the directors decided to hold one on the afternoon and evenings of Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29th, and 30th. Two halls adjoining each other in the building 909 1-2 Market street, have been secured, and the Ladies Aid Society, which increased its membership last week, will hold meetings twice each week, until they have completed the articles designed for exhibit and sale. Donations of such articles are requested, and they may be left with Mrs. J. Schlessinger, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, 150 Eddy street; and any one associated with the Lyceum, who will see that they reach the Aid Society. The latter will meet on Tuesday afternoon of this week at the house of Mrs. F. A. Robinson, No, 24 Ford street, and on Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Briggs, on Dolores street.

W. J. Kirkwood.

Progressive Spiritualists.

Editor of Golden Gate.

Very interesting meetings were held afternoon and evening. The 2 P. M. meeting was opened with some preliminary remarks by the president; followed by singing, after which Mrs. Miller was controlled to give an address and tests from the platform. A pleasing duet was sung by Mesdames Cook and Rutter. The president then in roducod Mrs. K. Kohn, who has been absent from the city for three years, living at San Jose. He said he was glad to welcome her back to the city and to the hall, as one of the workers for Spiritualism. Mrs. Kohn responded in a neat little speech saying she felt at home in that hall as it was there that she was first encouraged to take up her mission as a medium by its former president H. C. Wilson, and felt like giving all the assistance in her power to this society; afterwards she gave some tests. Other speakers were Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Drake, an old-time medium who promised in two weeks to speak at greater length under control. In the evening the audience was very large. Professor Dawbarn opened with a grand preface explaining his position in regard to the phenomena, saying it was the kintergarten, so to speak, of Spiritualism. His subject was "The Spiritualism of to-morrow," and was veay interesting. He was followed by Mrs. J. J. Whitney who in an entranced condition gave about thirty very marked and convincing tests. Mrs. Whitney's mediumship is improving all the time in that the persons and incidents are more minutely described than ever before, and full names of sprits and friends given without any mistakes being made. Surely all who will may have positive knowledge that our friends do live after the change called death. Next Sunday the subject of Professor Dawbarn's lecture will be "Unborn Man."

Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Secretary.

St. George's Hall.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Mrs. Logan's Circle of Harmony, in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, at 11 A. M., last Sunday, was participated in by Dr. Temple, who related his experience in Spiritualism with many earnest words for the Cause; Prof. J. P. Ewens, of Chicago, gave several tests, which were heartily responded to. Mrs. McCann, under control, addressed the audience for a few moments wfth soul inspiring thoughts.

Mrs. Maxwell, medium, made a short speech, and gave her testimony to the accuracy of the tests received from Prof. Ewens on the present occasion. Mr. Dean spoke under control. The Boy Medium, Master Freudenthal, gave a fine address, entranced.

The music by Mesdames Cook and Rutter, and appropriate remarks by Mrs. Logan, served as a harmonizing element to render the meeting not only what its name would indicate, but also favorable to the development of mediums, as instanced in several cases. The flower medium, of thirteen summers, not only ornamented the stand with her artistic work, but was controlled by a paralyzed gentleman, who was recognized by a lady in the audience, and then kindly withdrew, leaving her all right and in her normal condition.

Mrs. Logan announced that henceforth the evening meeting would be held in her parlor, with Prof. Ewens as test medium, and also circles every evening throughout the week, excepting Wednesdays. That the 11 o'clock meetings would be had as usual. Doors open free to all, and mediums especially invited:

St. Andrews' Hall.

Editor of Golden Gate:

The meeting on last Wednesday evening was crowded as usual to the doors. Mrs. Wiggins took the chair as temporary chairman; Mrs. Scott Briggs having gone on a trip to Summerland. She will be back however, to open the meeting on Wednesday evening. At the request of Mrs. Wiggins the audience sang the beautiful song Summerland. Prof. Ewens then gave an Invocation, followed by Dr. J. M. Temble, who after a few inspirational remarks, read several persons, giving the phase of mediumship of the person, and also a number of good tests. Mrs. Rutter then rendered a piano solo followed by Mr. Patterson who gave a few words of cheer to the audience through his control. The Dobs family then sang a beautiful song which was well rendered and received with applause. The boy medium made a few remarks, after which the audience formed into circles and the following mediums gave a great many tests: Mrs. Ladd Finnican, Dr. Temple, Prof. Ewens, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. L. McCann, Mrs. Dobs and Mrs. White. The meeting then closed with a song by the audience, to meet again next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at 111 Larkin St. All are invited to attend.

M. H. W.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

Editor of Golden Gate:

The First Associalion of Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday to hold their usual meetings. Dr. MacSorley presiding at the afternoon meetings. The president read a poem entitled "How I became a Spiritualist," also Mrs. Cowell gave an inspirational address. The audience was large both the afternoon and evening; In fact the audience could not be accommodated with seats. After the opening exercises Dr. Dewey was introduced as the medium for the evening. After a song, "O where is my Wandering Boy to-night," the medium proceeded to give tests, names in full given also and recognized by a number of friends throughout the audience. The remarks of Wanieta, the control was very amusing. She is trying to educate herself in speaking words different to what she has used. All seemed satisfied with the proceedings. Next Sunday evening Mrs. N. Cowell of East Oakland will occupy the platform in giving tests. We invite all friends to come. Yours for the Truth.

Mrs. Davis.
Oct. 30, 1889. Secretary.

John Slater at Metropolitan Temple.

Editor of Golden Gate:

I am a true blue Spiritualist, but only a spasmodic attendant at Spiritualist meetings. Last Sunday evening I was entertained by Mr. John Slater. He was something very new to me—a most pleasing experience. I don't know that I could suggest any improvement in his mode of conducting an entertainment. I was accompained by two non-believers. They were both much edified. One declared him "as good as a theatre," and "only ten cents." Two things I noticed—three, in fact. He did not claim pre-eminent superiority over other mediums. He said they all had their field, and many dissatisfied with him would hear and see just what was necessary to clear their minds in the meeting held by some medium not particularly celebrated. Practically he advised the patronage of all mediums. Then there was little delay anywhere. The whole evening was filled up with tests, one following another with startling rapidity. Then the messages he transmitted seemed to be for the relief and encouragement of those to whom they were sent. In only one case was there an unpleasant warning and that seemed to be very necessary for the future peace and well-being of "Addie." The others were such as would bring gladness to the hearts of those to whom they were borne. A few, two in particular, excited the mirth of the vast assemblage.

Mr. Slater could desire no greater compliment than was paid him both by the size of his audience and its character. The size was limited by the number of seats to be filled, there being not a vacant one in the main auditorium or the gallery. The character of the audience was indicated by its excellent attention. Throughout there was perfect silence, as though every one present was as enthusiastic a believer in the return of our loved ones as I, which would be too much to hope for such a packed assemblage. But I am not astonished that Mr. Slater is met by packed crowds of attentive listeners if last Sunday evening was a fair sample of the good he tenders. Skeptics must be struck dumb by what they hear.

R. B. A.

Summerland Notes.

Editor of Golden Gate:

We have been having an abundance of rain, about nine inches having fallen during the past week, which is half of the average annual fall; it has been so warm the grass is growing so rapidly, that the country already begins to look green. Mr. Williams has generously offered to actual residents of Summerland land to farm free of rent. As we are now assured of bountiful harvests, all who accept this offer will be well repaid for their labor.

We are gaining both in residents and building since the last report. Mr. C. T. Norcross of Chicago, who came here three weeks ago to investigate us, was so pleased that last week he ordered lumber for his cottage and already has it ready for the roof; he has written for his family to come out about January 1st.

Mr J. M. Simonds of Alameda Co., has let a contract for a cottage to be erected on his lot in Block 35 and the lumber is being hauled to-day. Mr. Jesse Scott and family arrived from Kansas on the 20th and will build immediately on his beautiful lots in Block 26. Mr. Grant H. Meginness and wife arrived from San Jose this week to make this their permanent home. Mr. Chestro and daughter arrived to-day with their furniture and talk of building at once. Our post-office is now in complete running order; trains stop with regularity.

Henry B. Allen.
Summerland, Cal., Oct. 26th, 1889.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for it implies a relief from precious labor; and if our whole time were spent in amusing ourrselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

Many a man knows a dollar by sight who does not know its value.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

BY JULIA P. CHURCHILL

I look abroad upon the world so fair,
Arrayed in royal robes of living green,
Upborne upon the winged, ambient air,
By laws unchangable and powers unseen;

And marvel that there lives a soul so blind,
So dumb to inner sense of sight or sound,
That e'er the whisp'ring voices of th' wind,
Translate no messages of truth profound.

I gaze upon the firmament above,
Jeweled with cycling orbits, like our own,
And feel the mighty pulsings of God's Love
Thrilling our mother earth from zone to zone.

I turn me to the tiniest flower that grows
And note the perfect beauty of its form;
I stoop to breathe the fragrance of the rose,
Or thrill to melody of wild bird's song;

I delve beneath the buried sands of time,
To read the history of ages past,
And find th' impress of a hand divine
On each new gem more perfect than the last.

I watch the minute forms of varied life
That germinate and quicken in a day,
And feel, that all the universe is rife
With power to create life from sodden clay.

I marvel—that in insect, man and beast,
One grand intelligence is manifest,
That not alone the greatest but the least
Of God's created beings bear the test.

I note the growing intellect that dawns,
As life-advancing up the scale of time,
Assumes new types and phazes, in its forms,
Approaching nearer to the Life Divine.

My soul goes out among the haunts of man,
And only here, I witness sin and crime;
But as in sorrow, I the world would scan,
There gleams a golden ray of light divine;

It crowns the hill tops, floods the valleys fair,
Illuming, with its subtile, flaming breath
The very soul, who in its dumb despair,
Would turn for solace to the Angel Death.

I ask my soul what is this wondrous power?
Which maketh stars revolve in harmony,
That tints the rose—and giveth each rare flower
A Law of Life to guide its destiny?

What was the power which made the blind to see,
The palsied walk, the dumb gave silv'ry speech;
Which walked with Christ the sea of Galilee,
That He might thus a mighty lesson teach?

A sweet voice answers, "Tis the power of *Love*,
God's active presence dwelling in each heart;
The perfect Love,—which like the "Holy Dove,"
Would God's divinest law of Truth impart.

As Christ—Our brother, walked upon the sea,
And bade the warring elements to cease;
So we in Spirit, span eternity,
And banish discord, by Love's Law of "*Peace*."

As Jesus felt God's presence in his Soul--
And *proved* the blest atonement all complete;
Humanity shall rise, a perfect while,
Crowned with the life of Truth, divinely sweet.

Oakland.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Quite a large audience assembled at Grand Army Hall, last Sunday afternoon, to hear from the controls of Mrs. Edith Nickless. The usual lecture hour was occupied in answering questions from the audience; these questions were all pertinent to the spiritual phenomena or philosophy, and the replies given were all remarkable for their concise and convincing logic. After this, a large number of tests were given and their correctness vouched for, with much apparent appreciation, by different parties in the audience. At the close, Dr. J. R. Nickless announced that on next Sunday afternoon his controls would, through him, give treatments to such of the audience as were in suffering. These meetings will continue during the month of November.

Yours in the faith, Homo.

Passed On.

"In Los Angeles, Oct. 18, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Miller (the well known medium) passed on to the Summer Land."

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake conducted the services in a most eloquent and touching manner. Every word which fell from her lips seemed to be encircled with tenderness and love. This sweet child, not quite 2 years old, possessed intellect far beyond her years, loved by all who ever saw her. Her illness was of short duration, and only a few days prior to her transition she asked her mother to sing "Going Home to Die no More," seeming already to catch a glimpse of her heavenly home. At the close of the services Professor Allen rendered a most beautiful poem, and gave a discription of a most beautiful spirit which entered the room during the services leading the dear angel child by the hand, which lovingly bore on its tiny arm a lovely wreath of white flowers for mamma. It was interred in Rosedale Cemetery, its little grave being completely hidden from view by sweet lovely flowers.

Angels came and tenderly bore,
Our Sweet Bud to the Golden Shore;
There, an id bowers of flowers sweet,
They will guide her tender feet.

Eternal Father, to thy will we bend,
For we know, that thou will send
Ministering spirits with words so dear,
Our aching hearts to comfort and cheer.

We know ere soon, her angel face,
We shall see beaming with heavenly grace,
And listen to the patter of her spirit feet,
Making music, so soft and sweet.

Her bright and pure spirit could no longer stay
On this earth-plane, but hastened away;
To bloom, and grow in the Summer Land
Where we shall "bye and bye" clasp her hand.

Mrs. May F. Clayton,
24 King St., Los Angeles.

Clifford Youngberg, aged 10 months and 17 days. Son of Capt. J. E. and M. E Youngberg. Passed to spirit life from Alameda, October 25, 1889

"Enfolded in the arms of spirit friends,
They will guide and guard him till our earth life ends;
Then all reunited in that realm of peace,
With love and joy greetings our sorrow shall cease."

Single room for a lady in a Spiritualist family. One child not objected to. Piano. Inquire at No. 1313 Octavia street, upper flat. nov2-2w*

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn it in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true we may give advice but we cannot give conduct. Remember this—they that will not be counseled cannot be helped.—*B. Franklin.*

ANOTHER WORKER OF MIRACLES—A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

I am curing hundreds of people that are left wrecks by these learned M. D.'s. I might say half of my patients, and I have some 20,000 names on my books. I say one-half of these tell the same story. Some say as many as ten doctors have treated them and not one of these know what ailed them, still they administered a remedy hoping it might hit the case, until the patient was a total wreck. Now, I take these cases and by the aid of clairvoyance, can see the exact condition of the system, and if they are not too badly poisoned by these "hit at the mark" remedies, I can cure them in from one to two months, and they think it nothing less than a miracle when it is simply knowing what to treat for. Now send me four two-cent stamps, age, sex and name, and I will tell you just what ails you, after which, send $2 and I will doctor you one month; if you should happen to need another treatment, I will send it for $1.

Try us, and see one of these miracles performed, or send for my testimonials, which will be sent free. Read this testimonial below, which shows what is being done. Address me, Worcester, Massachusetts. Dr. J. S. Loucks.

Shetelrville, Ill., Sept. 6, 1889.

Dr. J. S. Loucks, Worcester, Mass. *Dear Doctor;* My daughter was sick three years with female derangements and other complicated diseases, and we employed during this time six different doctors, the best we could find, and they all gave up her case as hopeless and incurable; but after four months' treatment from you, she (our daughter), is now well and sound. You can know how very grateful we are for the cure of our child when all others had failed. We do recommend you to all.

We are ever yours thankfully,
John Routs.

Music in Europe.—Speaking of singing, Mr. Brand makes the startling statement that not one public singer in ten in America can read music fluently, while in Europe the children are educated in this direction from childhood. In Stockholm is to be heard the finest chorus in the world—that of the students in the university. A short time before Mr. Brand's visit, an American manager tried to effect an arrangement to bring over 100 of the best singers. In addition to paying their expenses, he offered the students $1.00 a week for spending money. They didn't accept. The atmosphere, undoubtedly, has something to do with the fine timber of Scandinavian voices. Then, too, the loose gowns worn by the women allow their lungs and voices full development. So well do the people read music, that large assemblages readily sing pieces which they have never seen before. One chorus of thirty voices which sings for King Oscar, and which has practiced together for fifteen years, keeps such perfect time that one who hears without seeing the singers would think that it was only a quartett.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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nov 26

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cents. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Meetings for Conference and Tests are held Sunday at 2 P. M.

CIRCLE OF HARMONY—MEETS EVERY SUNday at 11 A. M. in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. Mediums and speakers especially invited. All welcome to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan presiding.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

Council G. G. of the T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIAtion of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Choice Residence For Sale

House and lot in Mountain View. The house is two stories, nearly new, hard-finished, and contains nine rooms. The lot is 125x193 feet, is planted to choice fruit trees and flowers. Contains also, barn, chicken house, etc. Price, $2,500. For particulars apply at Golden Gate office. Also three choice village lots adjacent thereto.

AMOS ADAMS,
President of Board of Trust.
J. J. Owen, Secretary. je29

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A Strange Story.

[Reported for the Golden Gate.]

At the Congregational Church in this Village, Ore Grandi, Cal., there is held a "church sociable" every two weeks. On last Saturday evening the programme was readings, recitations, stories, etc. When Dr. T. B. Taylor was called upon he said, in substance: "*Ladies and Gentelmen*: I am disappointed and so are you in not being permitted to hear Dr. Law's "Spanish Story," but as a substitute, I will translate, as accurately as I can, a story that I read in a book some twenty years ago. As to its truthfulness you must judge for yourselves. The author was a relation of mine which fact may be of no sort of interest to you, but it is to me, and when I give his name you will become more interested in the story—for he was a wise man, a fine scholar, a great traveler, a voluminous writer and a discrete diplomatist. He was our minister plenipotentiary to Germany and died in that country a few years ago while in the discharge of his minisierial duties. I mean Bayard Taylor.

The book in which I read this story was written by him when he was a young man some forty to fifty years ago. I *think* the title of the book was "Across the Plains." It was either that, or "Sketches of Early Travel," and the heading of the story—"Across the Plains." At any rate the story as nearly as I can recall it after so many years is about as follows: Nearly fifty years ago the author and two companions set out to "cross the plains" on horseback. They were all well mounted and had three strong "pack-mules" besides their riding horses. Nearly a hundred miles west of the borders of civilization, and when they supposed themselves to be far beyond any white man's cabin, about four o'clock in the afternoon of a lovely day in June, as they looked to the south and west of the trail they saw, in the distance, what they took to be a grove of wood, and supposing that, if it should prove to be a grove, they would find water as well as wood—they directed their course towards it, and after an hour of brisk travel they came near to the grove and greatly to their surprise found not only a grove, but green grass and signs of civilization. On the plains they saw cattle grazing, and heard a cock crow in the direction of the grove. With glad hearts they pushed on and were delighted to find on the west side of the grove a comfortable cabin, with a nice green, grassy yard inclosed by a rail fence. And in a crude way every thing betokened a degree of refinement and gentility that was refreshing to the three travelers. Of course callers at their humble faraway domicil were a great curiosity. So the inmates were all at the door and in the yard on the first alarm. They consisted of an elderly gentleman and lady who were husband and wife; and a young lady of some twenty years of age, the daughter of the aged pair just named.

The old gentleman approached the strangers and bade them welcome, and arrangments were soon made for them to stay over night. While they were unsaddling their horses and tethering them out to grass, the old gentlemen returned to the house and soon reappeared with an embarassed air and in a hesitating manner, said in substance: "Gentlemen you will be perfectly welcome to share all we have to give you, but on consulting my wife and daughter, we think it best to inform you that if you stay with us, you will most likely, be disturbed during the night, and possibly frightened, for nearly every night towards the hour of 12 o'clock, there are very strange and to us unaccountable disturbances of our otherwise quiet home. But I think I can assure you that you will not be hurt," etc.

At the close of this recital the travelers looked at each other in a sort of bewildered way, when my cousin said—"Boys, certainly we three young fellows, strong and brave, can stay one night where these two aged people and their frail daughter stay all the time;" and this proposition was consented to at once, when the old gentleman returned to the house and the young men finished their arrangments for the camp, during which many surmises passed through their minds as to what *could be the nature* of these nightly disturbances? Were they raids of some hostile Indian tribe? or an Indian pow-wow? or a friendly war-dance? What could it be?

During this time the mother and daughter were busy getting a frugal meal for themselves and the strangers. Sly glances towards the young strangers were frequent from the young lady, who occasionally whispered to her mother in an undertone, which my cousin's traveling companions afterward declared was in reference to his handsome face and features.

After supper was over, the dishes washed and the boys had their evening smoke, and while all were sitting about the door Mr. Taylor ventured to ask of his host, some information as to the strange manifestations to which he referred. But the old gentleman was reticent and the aged lady sat with bowed head, while the sweet, pale-faced, hazel-eyed girl looked away into the distance as if in a half-trance, penetrating the very skies, as if seeing into the celestial and spiritual world whence ghost, gnome, goblins and fairies are said to come. "How long have you been troubled by these disturbances, my friend?" asked my cousin. "O pretty much ever since this girl was a child. We lived in Ohio and had so much trouble and persecution by the neighbors that we moved to the west and did not find it any better there, and so we sold out everything but what we could bring in the wagon and thought we would go so far away that we could never be disturbed again by busy bodies." "Indeed," replied my cousin. "I am growing more and more anxious to know what these disturbances are?" "You will not have to wait long, now, till you will know more about them than I can tell you," said the old man as he shook his gray locks and looked far away to the northwest. "They always come from that direction," said he, and a deep sigh was heard in the direction of the young lady, who sat in a chair with her hands folded in her lap and her eyes now closed. Presently, far away in the distance toward the northwest came floating, distant sounds of music, like that of a band of wind instruments, but the distance seemed so great that only the higher notes could be discerned. But as they sat and listened the sounds became more and more distinct, till it was quite evident the musicians were approaching nearer. Finally the music ceased and the old gentleman rose from where he sat in the doorway and said to the strangers, "We would all better sit inside." So saying all went into the cabin which was a house of one large room; when seated, the old man closed and bolted the door. In a few minutes the music started up again, very close to the house, and it seemed as if there had been many pieces added to the original band, such as a fife and drum, a tambour- and cymbals, bells, harps, triangles and every conceivable instrument that was ever heard in a minstrel show. Nearer and nearer they approached and without a halt they seemed to pass through the closed door till the room was full of these strange invisible and wierd musicians. From whence they came, whither they went and who they were remained a mystery to all concerned.

The room was not totally dark yet not a form could be seen except the three travelers and the three inmates of that house far away from even border life. The six persons named sat still and motionless in their seats. Finally all was still and not a sound was heard except the deep breathing of the hazel eyed beauty who seemed to be in a deep sleep. One of the young men whispered to Bayard and inquired, "What do you think of it?" But before he had time to answer such an uproar was raised as was never heard outside of pandemonium. Every instrument was in full blast and in the most utter discords that could be imagined, while the very ground trembled and the house rocked as if in an earthquake throe. Then for an instant all was as silent as the grave, when in the most quiet, serene and gentle tones the musicians played "Home, Sweet Home," with sad and wierd variations. At the close a voice of unearthly sweetness, accompanied by the guitar sang:

> "'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
> How sweet to the soul is Communion of saints."

This voice seemed to issue from the middle of the room near the ceiling. During the singing sweet odors were wafted round and round the room as the odors of a thousand flowers borne upon the zephyrs of the night. At the close of this piece all was silent again for a moment when the full band struck in upon a marshall piece and began slowly to move through the closed door and when well out into the yard the door opened and the travelers eager to learn more of this strange and unaccountable exhibition, passed out into the yard and though seemingly standing in the presence of the musicians, not a form nor an instrument could be seen though all were in full blast, when the whole band seemed to rise into the air and pass off to the northwest from whence they seemed to have come until finally the last notes died away in the distance.

The boys went out to see what effect, if any, this strange exhibition had produced upon their horses tethered to their stakes, and found them in a state of animation, listening and looking in the direction of the retreating band.

My recollection of this story is that my cousin and his two friends remained three days and nights upon this enchanted spot, and every night enjoyed the inimitable concert that I have only faintly described after having read it more than twenty years ago. And if you would enjoy the full benefit of a story like this, you must get the book and read it as written by that poetic historiographer, Bayard Taylor.

"A Saucerful of shaved ice," says the New York *Medical Times*, "may be preserved for twenty-four hours with the thermometer in the room at 90 deg, Fahr., if the following precautions are observed: Put the saucer containing the ice in a soup plate and cover it with another. Place the soup plates thus arranged on a good heavy pillow, and cover it with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely embedded in them. An old jack-plane set deep is a most excellent thing with which to shave ice. It should be turned bottom upward, and the ice shoved backward and forward over the cutter."

If a man has evening prayers asking for health, and then sits down to a full supper of indigestibles at eleven o'clock at night, his prayer is a mockery. A man has no right to pray for the safety of his family when he knows there is no cover on the cistern.—*Talmage.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Worshiping the Dead and Neglecting the Living.

BY ALONZO.

When I was a child I read the Bible and the Testament through. When I got old enough to go to Sunday School I learned a great deal of it by heart. Ever since then I have been obliged to listen to it and read it over and over and over again, till it has become tiresome.

Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, David and Solomon and Samuel and Saul, Jeremiah and Isaiah and Daniel, Paul and Peter and John and Thomas, Sarah and Hannah and Martha and Mary, and all the rest of them, it seems to me ought to get a rest.

Maybe I am very wicked, but it does seem to me dreadfully foolish to see crowds of people going to churches and sitting down very obediently, while a man gets up and reads a "chapter." Said chapter being about as familiar and about as interesting as the multiplication table. and about as relevant to the present actual needs and conditions of humanity as an advertisement of Jacob's Oil. Then they keep reciting over the Psalms of David. David wrote poetry which no doubt was very good, of its kind, but very few people now-a-days understand or appreciate it, and if any man wrote such poetry now, no paper, not even a Methodist one would publish it (unless it was obituary), and the Christians themselves would say he was crazy. David and Samuel and Paul and Peter and Thomas and all those parties of the ancient part were no doubt highly respectable and proper folks in their time, and I have no doubt they were just as good as any of us would have been if we had been brought up as they were. But that is no reason why we should worship them, or have their biographies read to us in a solemn and sepulchral tone, as if we were celebrating their funeral rites continually.

I went to all the churches and it was all the same; then I went to the Spiritual societies and it was all the same there too, the ghosts of David and Samuel and Moses were called up, even Jonah was fished out of the belly of the whale and made to do duty over again. Then I went to the Swedenborgian Society, and there a man got up and read about Saul and Jonathan and then the people sang the Psalms of David. Then I was disgusted and I said, "Behold! I will straightway write about this thing and I will inquire if it shall be so that this generation will always struggle with the ghosts of the dead, and be blind to the living truth, and peradventure an answer may be given unto me."

It seems to me to be a stupid folly and waste of time, which ought to be valuable to keep everlastingly going over this mummery of Bible-reading while there are so many things that would be infinitely more useful and beneficial for people to learn. The laws of being and existence, the principles that make towards evil and good, individual and social, these are the laws of God, if there is any God, and a knowledge and practice of these laws would get people up on a plane of intelligence, where they could understand the Bible without having it mummed over world without end, amen. A proper development of memory makes it possible to learn a thing by hearing a few times, and does away with the necessity of repeating it forever.

Speaking of Ritualistic Bible-reading reminds me of an experience I had in Washington Territory some years ago. I attended a church one Sunday morning and it so happened that the church was pretty nearly owned and controlled by one individual, and it also happened that the morning lesson was about Balaam and his ass.

Wishing to make a practical application, I assumed at the commencement that the man who owned the church might represent Balaam and the preacher might represent the ass, and awaited results. It worked out beyond my anticipations; the preacher had a very harsh and discordant voice and when he came to the verse, "Am not I thine ass on whom thou hast ridden now these many days?" he brayed it out as earnestly and innocently as if he really meant it, and then stopped and waited for an answer. All that was necessary to complete the tableaux was a small boy to sing out, "You bet!" I dared not say that myself because I was working for the man that owned the church.

There are some grim jokes in the Bible and this was one of them. These mummers who habitually repeat its chapters, without knowing what they are talking about or why they are talking, have little idea of what a holy show they make of themselves.

Besides, their formality of worshiping the dead is only a false pretence. They pretend to worship a Jesus of Nazareth, who they say is dead, but if a living but unknown Jesus of Nazareth was to come into some of their churches and preach the same truths that he taught before, they would kill him again as they killed him before.

The grave buries every error—covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering beneath him?

PUBLICATIONS.

STUDIES OF THE OUTLYING FIELDS

—OF—

PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

A work with the above title has just been published by HUDSON TUTTLE, an author and original thinker, whose previous works have been important contributions in certain fields of science.

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The subjects treated are as follows: Matter, Life, Spirit, Mind; What the Senses Teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution; Scientific Methods in the Study of Man and its Results; What is the Sensitive State? Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism; Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness Proved by Psychometry; Sensitiveness during Sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness Induced by Disease; Thought Transference; Intimations of an Intelligent Force Beyond Superior to the Actor; Effect of Psychical Conditions on the Sensitive; Unconscious Sensitiveness; Prayer in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Transferrence; Immortality—what the Future Life must be, Granting the Preceding Facts and Conclusions; Mind Cure, Christian Science, Metaphysics, their Psychic and Physical Relations to which have been added nearly fifty pages of personal experience and intelligence from the sphere of light. These chapters abound in beauty and interest.

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"Mrs H. M. Poole in R. P. Journal"—While there is not a paragraph that is not eminently attractive, I find the closing portion, "Personal Experience," to be not only very beautiful but to embody a vast amount of philosophy.

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A Letter from Sydney.

["Jenny Wren," in Harbinger of Light.]

DEAR FRIENDS.—I am sure you will be interested to receive a more explicit account of the farewell social, tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Evans, than the last number of *Harbinger* (through pressure of time), could furnish.

The joint committees of ladies and gentlemen who tendered the social, had decided to express their regard for our friends by making them a handsome presentation. A beautifully framed illuminated address was therefore presented to Mr. Evans by Dr. James Kingsbury on behalf of the Spiritualists of Sydney, the substance of which appeared in last month's issue. In reply to this gentleman's eloquent address, Mr. Evans (who was looking far from well), replied very feelingly as follows:

"*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I thank you most sincerely for these pleasing tokens of your esteem and good will. Not only will they enable me to carry back to California a pleasing memento of my visit to Sydney, but they will give me the satisfaction of knowing that my work here has been fully appreciated by those who have had seances with me, as is proven to night by these presentations and demonstrations of good feeling towards me.

"While I naturally look forward with pleasure to my return to San Francisco, and the friends whom I know are waiting to welcome me, I feel that I am leaving a sufficient number of good and true friends behind me in Australia to induce me to again visit your colonies at no distant date.

"I am pleased to see many faces here to-night whom I know my advent in Sydney first brought to investigate the claims of Spiritualism; and that they have found sufficient proof to enable them to know that Spiritualism is a mighty truth, is instanced by the hearty manner in which they have worked to bring their social to a successful issue.

"It is not my province to preach spiritual truth from the platform, but rather to demonstrate its phenomena through the influence of my guides; yet I must just here attest its power and beauty to elevate and ennoble all life, and confer the blessing of the knowledge of the continued existence of our loved ones, and the possibility of their communion with us by various means. This truth will surely tend to purify our lives, because no man feeling that those who are so dear to him in spirit-life are watching his actions, reading his motives, and rejoicing in his progress, could wantonly or wilfully commit those sins that would grieve these loving friends, and tend to separate him from their gentle influence.

"I will not detain you longer from the pleasures so liberally provided by our hostess, but again express my deep sense of your kind appreciation, and my desire to clasp hands with you again at no distant period."

Amid prolonged applause Mr. Evans took his seat, when Mr. Firth arose, and in a humorous speech announced the pleasure he felt in presenting Mrs. Evans, on behalf of the committee, with a handsome gold watch, as a memento of regard from the Spiritualists of Sydney.

The watch was engraved with the monogram "A. E.," and a neat inscription. Mrs. Evans, who looked truly interesting in her elegant costume, and who seemed almost overcome with emotion, rose to acknowledge the tribute so lovingly rendered by the friends whose respect she had won during her stay in Sydney.

She said, in tones whose quiet dignity impressed me with the deep feeling that caused her to look like a pure white lily receiving the ovation of the flowers: "Dear friends, your kindness to-night almost overcomes me; there are no words in which I can express my sense of appreciation and sincere regard. I always wish that in traveling from place to place I did not attach myself so deeply to those I meet, as this feeling of affection involves the pain of parting, and always causes deep regret. I do not simply form a liking for those I call my friends, I *love* them deeply and truly; and so I feel to-night as I accept your kind and generous present, that so many more links are formed between my life and yours, and I regret that I must say good-bye. There is in every true woman's heart a sacred place that none but a mother can occupy; next to the husband there is none so dear; no one can fill that vacant place. So that even while I am happy with my husband in his mission, and love all the friends who so kindly extend their sympathy to him, my heart turns fondly towards home and mother. I have no words to tell you how much I appreciate your kindness to both of us, but to thank you very much, and say, that I shall ever remember with pleasure my visit to Sydney and the kindness of the friends here. I hope that the desire my husband has expressed, may be fulfilled, and that ere long we may be allowed to revisit the Australian colonies, and clasp your hands in greeting."

The social was a pronounced success, the arrangements perfect, and the enjoyment of the evening unalloyed. Dancing was kept up until an early hour, when the guests separated, to meet again on the Wednesday following, on board the "Lobelia," which had been kindly lent by Mr. Joubert for the purpose of enabling the friends to follow the "Alameda" as far as the Heads. Accordingly, we all mustered at the time appointed, 3 P. M., and accompanied the tender to the "Alameda." We went on board, inspected the state cabin, social hall, etc., and bade a final farewell to our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans.

Mr. Evans had been very unwell all the preceding week, and looked very pale; but his earnest hand-shake brought tears to our eyes as we realized how truly we had received "visits from angels" through his excellent mediumship, and what a really noble character he possessed. With hearty cheers and God-speed, we at last left the fine vessel, Mrs. Evans waving the stars and stripes in response to our handkerchiefs, as far as the eye could follow them. So we parted, and the unanimous prayer of the Spiritualists in the Australia colonies is, "God bless Fred Evans, and bring him and his loving wife safely hither again."

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Farrar.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

On Wednesday, the 16th of October, our old friend, Daniel Farrar, passed over to the "silent majority," and is now what we call a departed spirit. He was full of years, being 84; his wife, about one year younger, passed on just three weeks before him. They had lived together about sixty years, an old and happy, and very respectable couple. He was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew. I suppose he missed his wife and so quickly followed her. He could not have stayed much longer, anyway, for a man at 84 is long past due, though now and then one reaches 90, and a very, very few, touch the century.

Mr. and Mrs. Farrar have for a few years past lived a retired life. Their faces are not so well known among the Spiritualists of the last decade as they were twenty and thirty years ago, and now, as they are both on the other side of life, and in the presence of their son George, who was a promising young man and much missed by his parents when he departed this life thirty odd years ago, and by his manifestations in the '50's and '60's is somewhat familiar to the older Spiritualists of this vicinity. There were other children of that family who had died younger and years before, but the departure of the devoted young man, familiarly known as "Georgie" Farrar, opened their eyes to the weak consolation of the orthodox church for such a sorrow, and also opened their eyes hopefully to Modern Spiritualism, and they became not only pronounced Spiritualists, but their house was open to the prominent mediums twenty-five and thirty years ago, and I have met in the early days of the "ism," some of the most respectable people in the city and country, and some of the best seances for spirit manifestations have been held in his parlors, and being held in such a man's house and of such social position, they made unpopularity respectable. I never shall forget the light I got in his presence and under his roof, or the people I met there, seeking and finding this truth, and who now, with him, are over the river, and know better than they did when in the form the truth of these things.

The secular notices of this man's departure give the impression that he still was interested in orthodoxy, as he was when he was a young man. He certainly had taken no interest in it any more than I had for the past forty years; found it was not based on truth, and had no consolation for a sensible, thoughtful man, for the sorrowful emergencies of life; and it is kind of mean in the secular papers to give such a false impression when they know better. They did it at the funeral of the Rev. John Pierpont. So they did when Professor Hare departed. It is possible they were influenced by the sentiment in Pope's universal prayer:

> Teach me to feel another's woes,
> To hide the faults I see.

But I don't believe it; it was hypocrisy or policy in both ministers and the press.

Mr. Farrar had no fault to hide in being for so many years a pronounced Spiritualist. The fact that the Rev. M. J. Savage officiated at his obsequies, opens the reader's eyes to press policy.

On the occasion of Mr. Farrar's departure it seems a fitting time to speak briefly of the early spiritual events to which I have referred in his connection, that did me and others so much good; first, because they are worthy of record; and second, for the sake of the millions of later comers into our camp, who did not know these old people when they were active Spiritualists and in the prime of life. When such faces as Luther Parks, Prof. Mapes, Judge Edmonds, Prof. Hare, Dr. Hallok, Phineas E. Gay, Allen Putnam, Hon. Charles E. Jenkins, George W. Smith, Rev. Mr. Mumford, Epes Sargent, Dr. H. F. Gardner, and others; even at times Prof. Felton, of Harvard college; and once I saw Theo. Parker there. But let this be but an introduction. At some near future time I will have something to say on this subject, and would now if I had the time.

BOSTON, Oct., 1889.

I like people who can do things. When Edward and I struggled in vain to drag our big calf into the barn, the Irish girl put her finger in the calf's mouth, and led her in directly.—*Emerson.*

To enjoy is to be wise.

To the Defense of the S. A. O. L.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

An article appeared in the GOLDEN GATE of Oct. 5th, headed "The Despotism of Superstition." In this article, the writer refers to what he calls a "Sky-Scraping, chapter of the "Sun Angel Order of Light." If the writer had informed himself a little better, he would not charge the "Sun Angel Order of Light," with "Scraping the Sky." *This Order* does not *have* to do *that* for power and knowledge, and again had he a little more light, he would not couple "Saidie" and "Theodore Parker" as "associates, still clinging to Deistic terminology and *falling* under its despotic pressure." He, as well as the Democratic party are left; and neither, can bring contempt or ridicule dressed in the garb of disrespect on Spirit "Saidie," "Georgie" and others of the Higher Order of the Heavens,

I would ask the gentlemen, what is Superstition? Can we turn the pages of the world's history and find in past politics, or church religion that advanced thoughts or theories have ever been met with favor. Persecution, tyranny and death have been the fate of those who were true to their honest convictions. Has not just a little of that bigotry been handed down to the present generation? Who can say that these advanced Spirits "Saidie," "Georgie," and others, have not had a work to do, in scraping the scales from the eyes of bigots and superstitious souls? And *they* may be even now, reaching the inmost beings of those, who have buried their light under the hard rock of materialism. What is religion? Is it not charity, love, and forgiveness? Spiritualism has fought the battle and gained the victory in each campaign, with popular opinion. The light of its camp-fires is burning brighter, even, though storms have burst in fury upon them. The truths of Spiritualism are beacon lights to the weary traveler on the hard and stony road of orthodox religion. The knowledge now before the world can never go down in daakness, too many mediums have become sensitive to the influences of higher powers. "Rejoice, O my soul; and be exceedingly glad!"

At a seance with this most wonderful medium, Mrs. Anna Daniels, the following was written by Spirit Greco, an "Oriental Guide:" "Blessings manifold wait as the legitimate children of the law of compensation to make their abiding places in the hungry aching hearts of humanity. They crowd the door-ways to the soul, and are beaten back by the giant selfishness that stands sentinel. Thus the work that the Angels would do is hindered and delayed, and thistles and thorns go on with their seed time and harvest where the fairest buds might bloom and shed their fragrance, and the dusty pathway of life is unrefreshed by the dews of heaven, while foot-weary and worn the pilgrim with staff in hand peers afar over the desert of life, for the leafy shelter and cooling fountain. O, children, when will you learn to walk hand in hand, with those who are willing and glad to come from the soul's shores of the land Celestial, and pilot you safely over the treacherous tides of time? Spirits who have become a law unto matter, hold a power of which mortals little dream.

Children relate yourselves as you should to the Angel world, and await the results. But remember, selfishness is the stone, that is rolled to the door of your souls, and Angels have nothing to do in rolling it away, unless on your part, there is willingness and co-operation.

> 'We want to work with heart and hand
> Each member of this sacred band.
> Wait to bring you showers of love,
> Gathered from flower-strewn shores above."

This spirit was commanding in appearance and presence. He brought with him the odors of balm and spices. After extending his hands in benediction over the circle he bowed his head and was gone, the room was flooded with light like a smile from the Most High.

I reluctantly turn from my new found friends, whom I have learned to love dearly. To-morrow I go further east, and from thence to Chicago. The harmony of this home as "center," where the Angels "do congregate" is past mortals in every day life, finding out. This little town of Mexico, makes some pretentions to a city. It is quaint and odd. Shade trees of maple grow each side of the walks on every street, which gives it a real lively appearance just now, they being clothed in bright array, yellow, red, russet, brown and pale green. The principal business street runs straight through, and when I learned that the people at the further end of this street, knew what the people at the other end were going to have for dinner, and (the news of that event swings around the circle on time) I thought I would leave it its modest name of village. As I look from my window, my eyes take in portions of the country well tilled. In summer one would exclaim, "How beautiful!" the blue waters of Lake Ontario are shimmering in playful glee, not a cloud is in the sky, and all nature seems at peace. But this will not last long. Already the decree has gone forth, "The seed time and harvest is ended." Not so, in the beloved land of my adoption. California, the land blessed more than all others produces for her children unceasingly. No bare limbed of loved shade trees chilled in the icy embrace of relentless old winter, no scowling cyclones, to rend in twain the hard industrious work of man for years. The little flowers here that dare remain one hour, after November greets the old year, are laid low with the dark frown from gray winter's frost King. I must ere long say good-by to the land, "Where winter consumes all the summer can yield," bid adieu to frost and snow and chilling winds. If I have trespassed on space please pardon, and believe me, fraternally, ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

MEXICO, Oct. 20th, 1889.

Erroneous Supposition.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you kindly give place in your paper to correct the supposition that the Scribe of the Sun Angels' Order of Light is one of the family by the same name who first heard the tiny rap that has turned the tide of thought to the spirit world. We are no kin of theirs, as far as I know, but are Spiritualists, seeking to know only the truth. Respectfully,

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Harmony Hill.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

[More than thirty-five years ago several reformers, having Robert Owens' village of New Harmony as their example, met together for the purpose of laying plans to build up a similar institution upon a beautiful hill that should bear the name of "Mount Harmony." For the want of appropriate means it all fell through, though I have erected my poem upon the ruins of what should have been. The part of Jenny and her lover, who went to California and never returned, was the truest part. They said she died of a broken heart, and I presume she did. This happened in Knox county, Ill., and Mount Harmony was the centre around which many intellectual people, Spiritualists predominating, often met for years for seances, lectures, etc. Yours for the light of your beautiful GOLDEN GATE.]

Come with me to Harmony Hill,
When the stars are out and the birds are still,
And dewy are the grasses;
And we'll wander over the castle old,
Where the silver moon, so pale and cold,
Has kissed the wind that passes.

There, Cyrus lived just over the way,
Where he and Bayard many a day
Wrought in the Summer weather;
Binding the wheat and shiring corn,
And found the promise of the morn
In gold on the Autumn heather.

Harmony Hill, so gray and grand,
Crowning the glowing valley land,
And hamlets brown a-sleeping,—
Alhambra's towers that gleaming far,
And faint beneath the evening star,
Are here, where the mists are weeping.

From out these arches, dark and gray,
A youthful rover rode away
Past the brim of far Sierras;
And Jenny drooped and died alone
When his fate was feared but naught was known
Beyond the cruel Saharas.

On this linden tree that idly leans,
Soft breezes stir the woodbine screens
O'er initials growing over;
Yet many letters are added here,
And multiplied each dawning year
With tears for the long-lost lover.

The Indian-pink with blood-red flame,
Hither and thither its arrows of flame
From quiver of prairie fires,
Pierced thro' and thro' with golden darts,
As the parted lovers' bleeding hearts,
And the wind-harp's trembling wires.

Enchantment dwells upon this mound,
The varied scene and scent and sound
Within the landscape's azure;
But whippoorwills sing sadder now
Since shades record no secret vow
So sweet as the old wall's treasure.

Here where the shutter creaking swings
And the ivy vine so fondly clings,—
But you shudder at my story:
And your hands are cold as the spirit-bride
That neighbor's have seen by her lover's side.
His white steed foaming and gory.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., Oct. 17, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Rain, Rain, Rain.

BY HELEN MARION WALTON.

Rain, Rain, pattering on the window-pane,
Trickling on the lattice, running in the door,
Settling on the roof tiles, spattering all the floor,
Pouring out its dampness on the sodden lane.

Drop, drop, on helpless birdie's well-hid nest,
Making little gutters of the sandy hill,
Running down the turnpike by the noisy mill,
Fading all the crimson on the robin's breast.

Patter, patter, softly on the pigeon house,
Pouring little rivers on the kenneled dog,
Swelling tides that presses on the floating log,
Creeping in the barn eaves like a weary mouse.

Moist, moist, the chamber and the kitchen ware,
Dark and gloomy all the house as a cavern wide,
Swiftly on its journey flits the running tide,
Nought but sobbing, sighing, on the evening air.

Coldly, coldly flapping, hang the Summer leaves
On the topmost branches of the tallest vines
Autumn's hands have gathered all the softest wines,
By the fallen branches the little daisy grieves.

Waiting, waiting, are we for the promised gold,
To steep again in sunshine all the earth and sea,
To bathe in burnished glory every rock and tree,
And gurgling brooks be singing their harmless songs of old.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 12, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

To Mamma.

BY DELMA DUSANNE.

Oh! darling, precious mamma,
When the day has gone to rest,
In the gleam of pearly moonbeams
"Birdie" comes and on your breast
Lays his little head, still loving,
As he did in days of yore,
Before the angels took him
To their bright and happy shore.

Oh! yes; still "Birdie" lingers
Around the dear earth spot,
For not a word, or look, or tone,
Can ever be forgot.
For that's the chain so golden
That fastens round the heart,
And every link is welded
So firm it can not part.

His little angel fingers
Push back the golden bars,
And he opens wide the portals
To the land beyond the stars.
And you catch a glimpse of "Birdie"
With a bunch of lillies fair,
To crown dear, precious mamma
Below the golden stair.

The Three Friends.

Man in his life hath three good friends,—
Wealth, family, and noble deeds:
These serve him in his days of joy,
And minister unto his needs.

But when the lonely hour of death,
With sad and silent foot, draws nigh,
Wealth and family take them wings,
And from the dying pillow fly.

But noble deeds in love respond,
"Ere came to thee the fatal day,
We went before, O gentle friend,
And smoothed the steep and thorny way."

—From the Hebrew.

Our thoughts are odors, and we can not seal them
So close with action but they will creep out;
And delicately-fashioned souls will feel them,
And know them sweet or vile, beyond a doubt.

Good deeds fall dead if selfish causes guide them,
Good words fall flat that but from lips have birth;
And eloquent and noble seems, beside them,
The silence or inaction of true worth.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Visions.

I wish I were a scientific man, then everything would be clear and satisfactory.

Then I would not ask the question, What is a vision? I would then probably know, or think I knew that visions were only mental derangements, the disordered arrangement of mental photography, or some other equally clear statement proving their general worthlessness. Dreams are as a rule hardly worth noticing, at least my dreams are, yet occasionally something of that nature will startle me with its clearness, and truthfulness, or will point a moral which sets me a thinking and to wonder what the stuff is of which dreams are made.

Not long ago I was lying on my bed ruminating on what had been said by our friend Jas. G. Clark on Jesus in his article "Materialistic Limitations," and was rapidly passing through my mind the history of the idea, Christianity, caring very little whether Jesus was man, myth or God, but was trying to explain to myself the power in the name of Jesus to control civilization and hold with increasing devotion the most advanced of the nations of the earth. I reviewed its early history when it was said, See these Christians, how they love one another, with its frauds and follies, its contentions, its unholy wars, its love of power and its unscrupulous use of power obtained, and how on the bosom of this turbid stream is carried along the placid face of Jesus as the savior of the world. When suddenly appeared before me a figure I shall not easily forget, and, I wish my descriptive powers were equal to the conveyance of it as I saw it. A man dressed in flowing robes, with a face commanding and at the same time loving and inviting confidence, his look was full of encouragement as he held out a friendly hand for me to grasp and vanished, leaving me disappointed in not having grasped the hand, so real did the whole thing appear. I know my description is beggarly, but what I want to know is, what produced the vision? I know I am incapable of producing such portraitures, and was not then thinking of the man, only the idea which seemed to rule in Christianity.

If this were a solitary experience in that line, I might pass it by, but occasionally though at long intevals, visions of this character have come to me when wide awake, leaving me in wonder as to what they meant. Are they objective or subjective? Real or imaginary? And please, what is imagination? Will any reader of the GOLDEN GATE learned in these matters please answer?

I have been further tempted to make these inquiries on reading a "Romance of Two Worlds," by Marie Corelli. It is a romance, but its visions appear to be believed in by its author; and is intended to convey a new idea of spiritualism, or rather revive the old Spiritualism expressed in modern terms of electricity.

The great central force as seen in this vision is an "Electric Ring encompassing God's World," reminding one of A. J. Davis' Great Centre, with this difference, Davis' Great Center is more in accordance with modern ideas of astronomy.

Notwithstanding her spiritual altitude and her visions, she has no good word to say for what is called Modern Spiritualism. She hits it hard and with some justice over the phenomena which has called the attention of the world to the material proofs of a spiritual being, the end; if the spiritualizing of Spiritualists has not followed their conversion by phenomena, very little has been gained. The Theosophist will understand her assertion, "The distinguishing mark of the true Spiritualist is what I may call self-rejection. Self stands on one side, as it were, and is no longer allowed to obscure the soul's view of the splendid universe to which it belongs." Indeed the book to a Theosophist is a spiritual feast, though it may contain objectionable matter. One sentence I certainly admire and thoroughly believe in: "True Spiritualism is above all things *healthy;* it places the human being in a fearless, noble attitude towards both God and man, and nothing but benefits can accrue from it."

In her eagerness to prove Modern Spiritualism false she makes a strange assertion for one who accepts the teachings of the New Testament: "It is quite useless for me to tell them that spirits can touch nothing corporeal." How were the doors of Paul's prison thrown open? How were the stones rolled away from the sepulchre of Jesus? And how can my spirit be attached to my corporeal existence?

But I am wandering from my original starting point, "Visions." Are visions real, or are they the phantasmagorial workings of a diseased mind? In the "superior condition" did A. J. Davis receive a clairvoyant vision of the spiritual world and the worlds in space? Did Swedenborg really see what he says he saw? Did the author of "A Romance of Two Worlds," see what she professes to have seen? Am I the victim of an illusion when what appears as objective realities passes before my vision? And granting that these visions are realties, why do not all seers see alike? I do not know that I have read the visions of any two seers of the spirit world which were alike or agreed, though that proves little, seeing that it can be seen from so many standpoints, and ever the scenery of this little world is so varied between its poles that contradictory statements regarding it could easily be made.

Still, visions puzzle me. Perhaps if my life were a more spiritual one I might see more clearly, but to live a pure spiritual life with my surroundings, is a difficult task for J. W. MACKIE.

TULARE, Oct. 23, 1889.

The Presbyterian Dilemma.

[Chicago Tribune.]

In a recent interview Prof. Schaff, one of the most eminent scholars in the Presbyterian Church, said that he was in favor of revising the doctrine of election out of the Westminster confession and added: "Imagine a sermon on the decree of reprobation or 'passing over' the rest of mankind. The most intelligent and best informed of our laymen would not listen to it, and what can not be preached in our pulpits ought not to be in our confession; what is in our confession ought to be preached." Prof. Schaff's statement is a strong and correct one, and unquestionably reflects the sentiments of all progressive Presbyterians; but right here an important question arises. The tares are in the Presbyterian wheat and it is desirable to pull them out, but how are they going to be pulled out without pulling the wheat along with them? Evidently, the brethren are on the horns of a dilemma.

Prof. Schaff's interview has been followed by one with the Rev. Dr. Shedd, the Professor of Systematic Theology, at the Union Theological Seminary, who is regarded as the ablest theologian and most acute thinker in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Shedd says: "This doctrine (election) runs entirely through the Westminster documents, so that if changes were made in Chapter III of the confession this chapter would be wholly out of harmony with the remainder. Effectual calling, regeneration, preseverance of the saints, are all linked in with the Divine decree." In another place he says: "The project of revising the standards would convert the Presbyterian Church into a theological debating school." It is evident from this that if the obnoxious chapter is revised the whole creed will have to be remodeled. That is the stern logic of the situation. The part of courage and consistency would be to transform the whole system of faith rather than cling any longer to a doctrine which is an absurdity, which the pupits dare not preach, and which the pews would not believe if they did.

Undoubtedly the general drift of the church is in the direction of disbelief of this dogma, for it may be set down as a general rule that people's religious views are dependent upon their intellectual light, and as that light increases their views modify and change. To assert that Presbyterians have faith in this dogma would be to accuse them of camping on old medieval grounds and of remaining in a state of intellectual torpor while all the rest of the world is moving. Theological dogma has lost its hold upon them and rational form of worship, actuated by love of God and fellow feeling for humanity, is taking its place. But how is the change to be made if the shattering of one dogma is to scatter all the system of faith? That is the dilemma in which the church is placed, and it will require some courage to take the forward step notwithstanding the tremendous pressure of the world's progress. Will they continue clinging to their little medieval candle, or will they come out into the full sunlight of truth? It will be of interest to watch the experiment of pulling up the tares without rooting up the wheat.

THE STRANGE STORY THAT LONGFELLOW TOLD CHARLES DICKENS.—To Wilkie Collins, from New York, under date or Jan. 12, 1868, Mr. Dickens writes:

"Being at Boston last Sunday, I took it into my head to go over the medical school, and survey the holes and corners in which that extraordinary murder was done by Webster. There was the furnace, and all the grim spouts and sinks and chemical appliances and what not. At dinner afterward Longfellow told me a terrific story. He dined with Webster within a year of the murder, one of a party of ten or twelve. As they sat at their wine Webster suddenly ordered the lights turned out and a bowl of some burning material to be placed on the table, that the guests might see how ghostly it made them look. As each man stared at the rest in the wierd light, all were horror-stricken to see Webster with a rope round his neck, holding it over the bowl, with his head jerked on one side, and his tongue lolled out, representing a man being hanged."—*Boston Herald.*

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Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small.—*Thackeray.*

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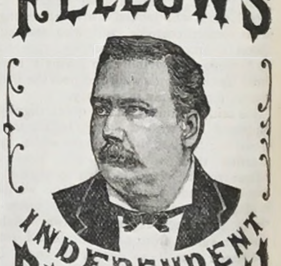


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